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The Illustrated ekly of India

Sanjay Gandhi's Maruti

lso: Kerala Yajna With Foreign Participation

READERS WRITE READERS WRITE

Are Domestic Servants Exploited?

Sir—The article, "Cooks, Ayahs, Bearers" (April 27), was just putting in black and white what everybody is aware of. But what everybody is not aware of is that if we happen to pass laws and regulations regarding their working hours, wages, off days, etc, there will be quite a lot of retrenchment which will only add to the chaos of unemployment.

Trivandrum **GOPINATH PAI**

Sir—Most employers of domestic helpers are educated but not enlightened. Without realising it, they usually indulge in a very debasing form of human exploitation.

Before any laws are passed to better the service conditions of servants, those of us who employ domestic helpers must resolve to seriously examine our conscience as to the "justice" we do to them. For we must treat them in the way we expect to be treated.

Ajmer **IRIS BERRY**

Sir—Household servants are getting many benefits not available to other sections of workers, such as money for going to movies once in a while, special food and presents at festivals medical aid, loans, leave without fear of deduction of salary, free housing and holiday outing with their employers.

I would also like to point out that these days nobody would serve for a mere five rupees, as Padmini Sengupta wants us to believe, neither would an employer offer such a small amount, as the moment the servant comes to know the general level of salary in the area he would quit or demand more.

Bombay **SUDHEER MANKAD**

Sir—"Are you happy?" somebody asked me 12 years back. I said, "Yes. I can fill my stomach." I was then a 13-year-old servant. I was paid Rs 3 per month. I won't say I was exploited. It was extreme poverty that drove me to work in a house in my tender years.

Now I am drawing 400 times that sum, thanks to my masters for allowing me to go to school, and thanks to people like Smt Sengupta for bringing out, even though incomplete, a picture of cooks, ayahs and bearers.

Asansol **A. S. N.**

Arms And The Men

Sir—I appreciate Inder Malhotra's desire to be objective about Pakistan ("Guns and Gold for Mr Bhutto", April 20), but many people would disagree with him. The simplest way of settling the matter is to play a war game on paper.

I am prepared to show that given Arab money and American arms, plus reorganisation of its forces, Pakistan can take Kashmir in 10 days and destroy the Indian Army as a fighting force in 15 days; and that India will be unable to recover Kashmir given 3, 5, 10, or 20 years.

I am prepared to play the game using the official figures for the Pakistan Army's strength, which I believe to be underestimated, with a 3-day or 10-day warning time, with Indian superiority in armour and a twofold superority in combat air squadrons, and even making allowance for India's countermoves in answer to Pakistan's build-up for such a war. I am also prepared to play various combinations of powers, such as China vs India, China vs India|USSR, Pakistan|China vs India|USSR|Afghanistan, with or without several levels of US intervention, and with or without Country X adversaries. I am also prepared to play with various combinations of Indian first strikes and various scenarios for Indian destabilisation of Pakistan.

I anticipate that two teams of about 10 players each (without assistants) and about two months time will be needed to run through two separate scenarios.

Simla **RAVI RIKHYE**

Sir—Mr Y. B. Chavan spoke about America's duty to appreciate our "national sensitivity" in order to maintain good relations between America and India. May I ask Mr Chavan whether the attitude of Saudi Arabia and Libya is in consonance with our "national sensitivity"? They are actively helping Pakistan but Mr Chavan has not made any adverse remark against them.

We are today blaming Americans for the arms they are *selling* to Pakistan but we never say a word about our so-called Arab friends who are *giving*, by way of gifts, arms to Pakistan. It only shows the double standard of our national honesty!

Bombay **C. A. MENON**

Sir—Dr Kissinger is interested in a balance of power. Mr Bhutto gets armaments and whips up a war hysteria, at which he is a past master. Comrade Brezhnev and Swaran Singhji restore the balance. And the game goes on, eventually leading to a war; leaving in its wake orphans, widows, bereaved parents and a shattered economy.

Ludhiana **Dr R. S. GREWAL**

Sir—The article "In Pakistan..." (April 20) by Linda Shah toes the line of Pakistani propaganda. If, as the writer says, the people are weary of war and want to live in peace, there should be a strong public opinion to change the contrary attitude of the Government and their leaders who malign India and talk of revenge, etc. From what comes out through the press, radio and TV, we don't find expression of such a public opinion. So we have to conclude that either the people also feel the way their Government and leaders feel, or their voice does not count. Either way we have no choice but to be vigilant and prepared for any threat from Pakistan.

Mysore **K. KRISHNA RAO**

Sir—The two articles contained the usual inaccuracies and hysterical xenophobia about Pakistan and Islamic countries that one has come to expect from Indian writers and mass media.

First the inaccuracies: Bhutto might be all the names that you chaps keep calling him but to label him General Yahya Khan's Foreign Minister is gross travesty of facts! Secondly, Linda Shah is confused about the sailing schedule of SAFINA-E-ARAB. It was never chartered by Saudi Arabia and it never plied between Chittagong and Karachi with refugees after the liberation of Bangladesh.

Pakistan has opted for making capital investment in agriculture and agro-based industries. Its need to buy arms for defence will decrease substantially the moment India gives up its delusions of Great Power. Your photographs of starving children in Assam on Page 35 of the same issue are an ironic commentary on what Inder Malhotra calls the stronger industrial base, superior technological and scientific skills and great military prowess of the World's Biggest Democracy.

Sharjah **M. A. QAVI**

Down With Dowry!

Sir—Let the women libbers of this country listen with their female-chauvinist ears wide open, that they are to blame for the prevalence of the insulting dowry system ("Neither A Giver Nor A Taker of Dowry Be", April 6). It is the *nouveau riche* parents who instil in their daughters a false sense that they are made only for top administrative and management officials. These gals never object to their parents auctioneering bid as long as it can bring them a high-salaried hubby. And these women become the most vociferous exponents of women's lib.

New Delhi **UMAKANT MISHRA**

Sir—Carol D'Souza has rightly remarked that the dowry system must have had its origin in the indulgence of some rich parents who sent their daughters to their new homes laden with gifts. But quite often harmless practices harden into rigid customs and enslave and fetter men for ever.

The giving of dowry is most often tantamount to giving away her share of the family property to the outgoing bride. Sometimes it is almost like paying a compensation for the one who takes up the responsibilities of looking after her in future.

Once the practice of cutting off the daughter's legal claims to her parents' property after her marriage is abolished, the hated dowry system will also gradually disappear. Assuring equal status for daughters along with sons in the family in respect of property and education will go a long way in eradicating this social evil. It is to be noted that in matriarchal societies, where the daughters enjoy the supreme position in the family, the dowry system is not prevalent.

Calcutta **KALYANI M. MENON**

Sir—It has become a fashion to criticise the dowry system, without taking into consideration the many reasons which justify it.

In the case of well-qualified boys, they have to work day and night to get their degrees or diplomas. After that they have to wear their shoes out to get a decent job. When the boy marries, the girl—who is usually not even a graduate—enjoys her husband's income and status, without a corresponding sacrifice and hard work on her part. Therefore, the dowry is a compensation paid by her for enjoying her husband's hard-earned income and status.

The average age for marriage for a boy is 27 years, while for a girl it is 20 years. Thus, the girl is able to enjoy a healthy sex life at a much earlier date than the boy. For this sacrifice the dowry paid by the girl's father is more than justified.

S. LAKSHMAN

Bangalore

Lata's New Hobby

Sir—Lata Mangeshkar's wildlife photographs (April 27) were fascinating. I wish she would take to photography seriously for the rest of her life and retire from singing in Hindi films. This would give other talented singers a chance to come up.

V. RAMESH

Calcutta

Impotence is Maladjustment

Sir—The article, "Psychology of Impotence" (April 20), is really a fine attempt to explain a common occurrence and may restore hope to many. A similar article on frigidity in women would also be of value.

In dealing with the neuropsychic aspect of the problem, the author has overemphasised the mother's influence|image in the conjugal bed. Such cases may be very very rare in the present decade when porno periodicals and booklets in almost all languages and American novels depicting sex acts and orgies are easily available. Sex-oriented films and songs are becoming box-office hits even in villages. They stamp their impressions over the mother's image, if any.

In my view, psychic impotency is mainly due to lack of leisure, malnutrition, worries (tension) and lack of adjustment in day-to-day family life, but certainly not due to sexual inhibitions borrowed from home. Psychic impotency in the male can be gradually overcome by an understanding, intelligent and loving wife.

M. HAIN

Ahmedabad

Has Sikkim Lost Her Identity?

Sir—I for one totally oppose India's stand in regard to Sikkim. A people do not gladly surrender their nationality and the Kazi's decision is not the end of the problem. The spirit of nationalism is emerging like a wave sweeping all over the world and Sikkim is no exception. The Chogyal, with his theory of a separate identity for Sikkim with international status, can easily become the people's hero and start a revolution. And you know what the consequences will be if he decides to become a Sihanouk.

K. SILIE

Kohima

Sir—It has been said that Indians have no sense of humour. But Indian Foreign Minister Y. B. Chavan seems to be an exception when he claims that we gain nothing by making Sikkim a full-fledged State of India.

S. R. AKASA

Nepal

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As the sacrifice was about to be conducted, there was an unexpected outburst from a section of the public and the press. Two objections were put forward: One, that goats were suffocated to death. Another to the foreigners' filming the event. V. T. Induchudan writes on the controversial yajna. Page 12

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"I was once asked by the Customs men at London airport if I could swallow Pounds or walk on fire!" P. R. Shinde writes about the man who taught yoga to Yehudi Menuhin, Jiddu Krishnamurti and Jayaprakash Narayan; and about misconceptions of yoga in the West. Page 16

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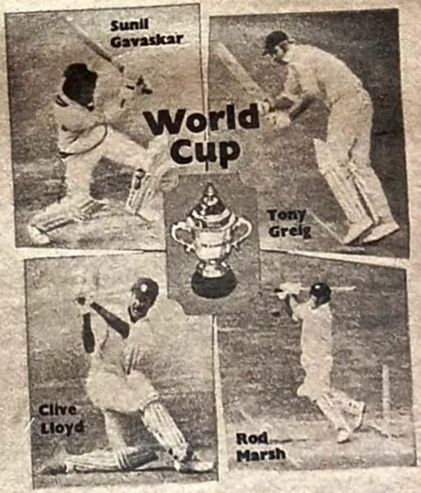
NEXT WEEK

FOR CLEANER ELECTIONS: C. Subramaniam, C. Rajeswara Rao, E. M. S. Namboodiripad, Piloo Mody, Mrinal Gore, L. K. Advani, M. C. Chagla, M. R. Masani and other eminent personalities reply to the Editor's Questionnaire on Electoral Reforms.

RECALLING THE GLORY OF THE ANDHRAS: Andhra Pradesh was the first linguistic State to emerge on the Indian map. The World Telugu Conference, held recently at Hyderabad, was an attempt to resurrect the glory of the Andhras. By P. L. Vishweshwer Rao. Photographs in colour.

DISCOTHEQUES—WHERE THE ACTION IS: No sooner had they established themselves as the rage abroad, the discotheques were imported into India. Prabha Kripal Singh traces the history of our swinging joints and discusses their social, moral and business aspects. Profusely illustrated.

THE TREE: Story by Keki N. Daruwalla



WORLD CUP: India may have won the World Cup in hockey but, in the new Prudential World Cup for cricket, can they match West Indies, Australia, Pakistan, England or even New Zealand? A comprehensive survey by Raju Bharatan and B. B. Mama. With the finest action pictures.

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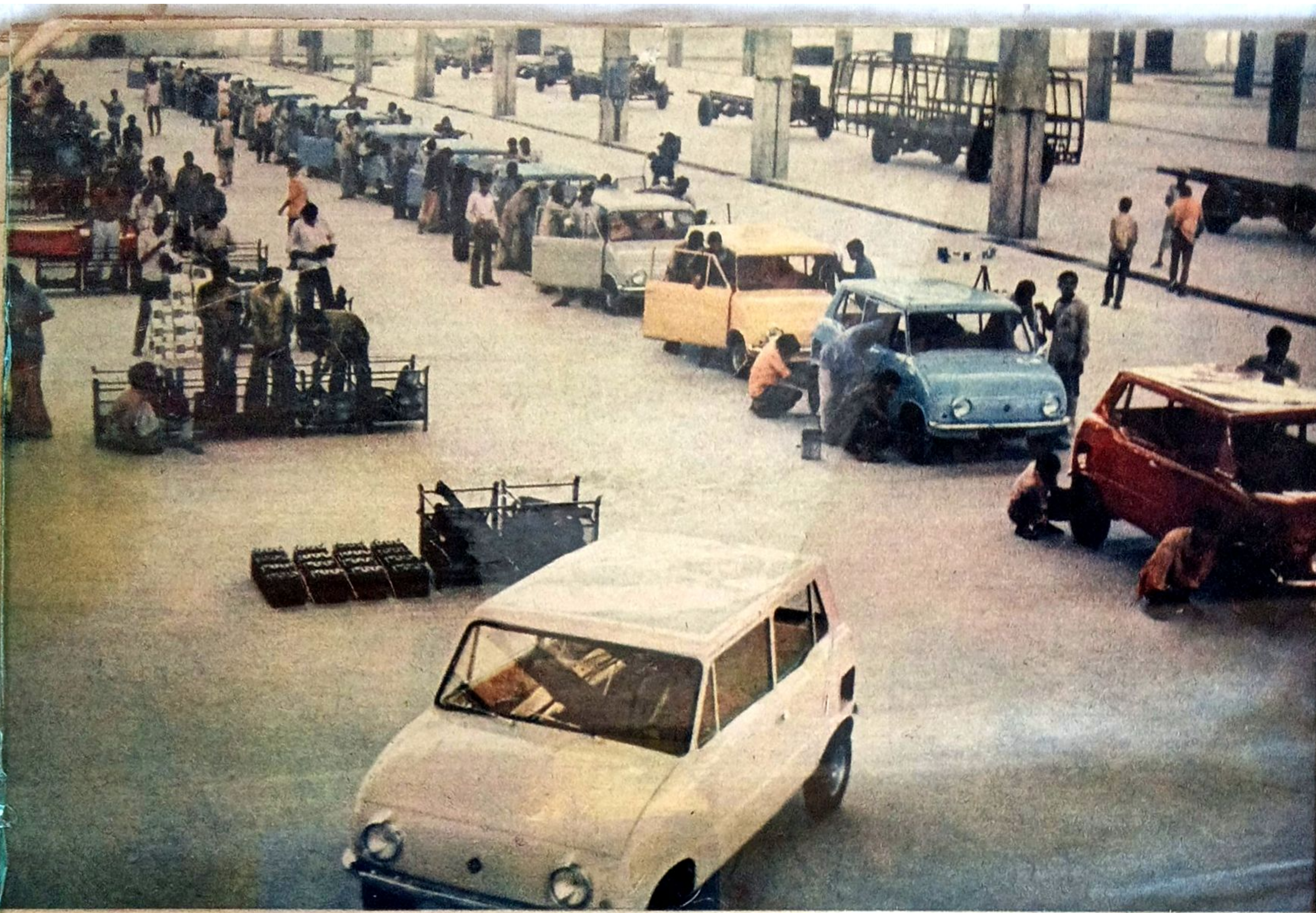


READY TO HIT THE ROAD. At Rs 25,000, Maruti is certainly not going to be the "People's Car" it was originally intended to be (initially the cost was estimated at a little over Rs 8,000). But it is cheaper (by Rs 5-10,000) than any other car made in India.

Sanjay Gandhi's Maruti

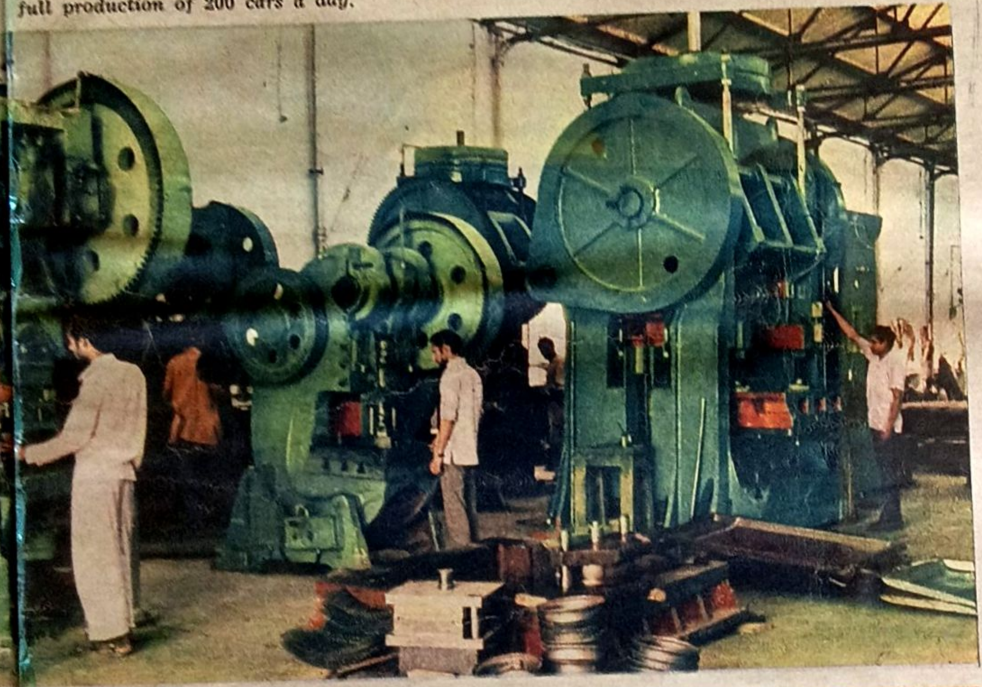
by KHUSHWANT SINGH

Photographs by R. B. BEDI

We have been hearing about the Maruti small-car project for some years. We have been reading of charges made by the Jana Sangh and the Communist Party (Marxist) about special privileges accorded to Maruti's youthful manufacturer, Sanjay Gandhi. From time to time rumours have been circulated that the project had flopped and there would be no Marutis. This month the first set of Marutis come off the assembly line to take the Indian roads.

WEIGHING THE PROS AND CONS? The Opposition have claimed in Parliament that the engine in the Maruti prototype (exhibited at ASIA 72, Delhi) was foreign-made. These charges have been proved to be false by those who have examined the car.

BEHIND SCHEDULE. The Maruti is two years late but will be on sale this month. Sanjay Gandhi hopes to produce 12 to 20 cars a month initially and achieve within four years full production of 200 cars a day.



I RODE the Maruti. Apart from its 29-year-old father-manufacturer, Sanjay Gandhi, and his team of mechanics, few people have driven this car. Soon little Marutis should be seen on the roads of Haryana and Delhi; and a month or two later they will be running between Kalimpong and Kanyakumari.

In the enormous hangar-sized shed, three Marutis were ready to take the road; another four were having their coats of paint put on and their names in Hindi silver plate affixed on their tails. A Sikh mechanic was adjusting the gear of one of the roadworthy models. "Sardarji, *chalri hai*—can this thing run?" I asked him somewhat sarcastically. "*Kyun nahin?*" he retorted. "Try it."

First I examined its engine. I had read in the Jana Sangh papers, *Motherland* and *Organiser*, that it was of a foreign make. It was not. It had been cast in the Maruti foundry and bore its Maruti engine number. It is at the rear of the car; the luggage boot and the petrol tank are in the front. The Maruti is smaller than any of our three indigenous models; its wheels are scooter-size. It has only two doors but it is easier to get into the rear seat and has more leg and elbow room than any two-door car of Indian or foreign make. It has no light in the interior—anyone can guess what use young lovers will put it to. It starts off with a healthy rattle. It is somewhat nosier than our Ambassadors, Fiats or Standards—and sounds like a German Volkswagon run on diesel. "That's because it is cooled by air and not water," explains Sanjay Gandhi. "It will be less noisy by the time we have finished with it."

A Test Drive

I take the wheel. Sanjay sits beside me. The gear is on the floor. As I release the clutch, it lurches forward. Although it has only two cylinders and 8.3 horse-power, it responds to the pressure on the accelerator like a more powerful car. Its steering is also more sensitive to the touch and makes the wheels turn with greater alacrity than the steering-wheels of any car I've driven. Despite its miniscule size, it holds the road very well and attains its maximum of 110 km per hour without overstretching itself. I take the 60-degree bends at 60 kilometres per hour with the greatest of ease. My fear that it has too low a clearance for the rough Indian roads is soon dispelled. Sanjay takes over himself and drives it at breakneck speed over bush, brier and mound.

How the Maruti will last remains to be seen. It is certainly not going to be a "People's Car" because it will cost Rs 25,000 (ex-factory is Rs 16,500; in Haryana Rs 21,000). Nevertheless it will be Rs 5-10,000 less than any of the three Indian cars in the market. And it will be lighter on gas, doing 18 kilometres per litre.

Maruti is well behind schedule. It should have appeared two years ago but

—Continued

THE ASSEMBLY LINE. The Opposition has alleged in Parliament that machinery used (above left) to produce the car was imported, hence Maruti is not a "hundred per cent indigenous small car". A very small part of the machinery is foreign; the final product is entirely indigenous.

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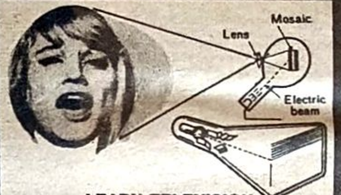

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shortage of steel and cement and strikes in the factory which makes its special-sized tyres delayed its birth. The best Sanjay hopes to achieve in the coming months is 12-20 cars per month. He is an incorrigible optimist and expects full production of 200 Marutis per day—50,000 every year—in four years. Keep your fingers crossed. Meanwhile Maruti has taken on assembling road-rollers and building bus bodies as a side line.

The labour force of Maruti consists of 400 men and women, unskilled, semi-skilled, technicians and laboratory personnel. Three men, Alimuddin, Tulsi Das and Narain Datta Joshi, have been with Sanjay Gandhi from the day he started his experiments in a rented garage in a bazar. Most of the others are Punjabi refugees settled in neighbouring Gurgaon. In due course Maruti will give employment to hundreds more in its factory. Thousands of others will earn livelihoods as agents, salesmen and mechanics. It is evident that Sanjay Gandhi is very well liked by his workers. He is with them from 8 a.m. to well after sunset. He spends a couple of hours in his office; for the rest of the day he is moving from foundry to workshop to assembly-line. He knows most of his men by their names.

A Lot Of Criticism

There has been a lot of criticism in Parliament and the Press against the Maruti. Most of this emanates from Opposition groups ranging from the Bharatiya Jana Sangh, Congress (O) and Swatantra to the Communist Party (Marxist), and is designed to hurt the Prime Minister because Sanjay Gandhi happens to be the Prime Minister's son. I was not able to examine all that has been said and written about the Maruti, but some of what I was able to check I present to the readers.

The first objection against Maruti is that it was an unnecessary luxury which no one ever wanted. That is not so. Sixteen years ago (1959) L. K. Jha (now Governor of Jammu and Kashmir), heading a committee formed to consider the pros and cons of the automobile industry reported that a small cheap car was a desirable necessity. A year later this was confirmed by another committee of technical experts under G. Pande.

The Government and the Planning Commission decided that priority should be given to commercial vehicles like buses and trucks which served the common man and that the small car should be left to private enterprise. While the Planning Commission felt that this small car should be manufactured by one of the existing car factories, the Ministry of Industrial Development under Mr Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed (now the President) was of the opinion that it would be better if a new small car factory was set up. All this happened before Sanjay Gandhi came on the scene.

The small car project was born in the autumn of 1969. There were many potential producers including Sanjay Gandhi. Amongst 17 others applying for the licence to manufacture were TELCO, the Hindustan Aircraft Factory at Bangalore and Premier Automobiles who manufacture Fiats. Three were turned down because they asked for permission for foreign collaboration. Of the 14 granted letters of intent, only one, Sanjay Gandhi, was saddled with the condition that he first produce a prototype. It was after he had submitted a wholly indigenous car that he, along with another 14 applicants (none of whom had been required to produce a prototype), was given the green signal "Go".

The other 13 dropped out of the competition. In November 1970, Sanjay Gandhi received his letter of intent.

The Land Question

Next it is alleged that the land on which the Maruti plant has been built was compulsorily acquired by the Haryana administration causing hardships to poor farmers and given to Sanjay Gandhi at throwaway prices. The truth of the matter is that many States were eager to have this factory, as they were to have other industry, to give employment to the local population—industrialists are offered inducements like land and electric power by different States. When Gurgaon was still a part of the Punjab, its Chief Minister, Pratap Singh Kairon, acquired large tracts of agricultural land and made it available to entrepreneurs. Faridabad owes its industrial complex to the facilities provided by the State and has become the chief source of revenue to Haryana. Across the road from Maruti is one of India's largest poultry-breeding plants on land likewise made available to a joint Indo-Canadian venture known as Rani-Shaver.

The Haryana Government was eager to have Maruti in its territory. It requisitioned 1,000 acres along the Delhi-Gurgaon Road and sold 296.7 acres to Maruti at Rs 11,300 per acre. I checked with Maruti's next-door neighbour, Ajit Singh, who owns 15 acres of agricultural land and is setting up a chemical plant in the portion which falls in the industrial belt. He bought his land about the same time as Maruti. He assured me that Maruti paid the price prevailing at the time —and, for some portions nearer the road, Maruti paid Rs 2,000 more per acre. Other neighbours confirmed this statement. They also assured me that there was no truth whatsoever in the story spread around that they were being pressurised to sell their lands for the expansion of Maruti. (Maruti does not need any more land.)

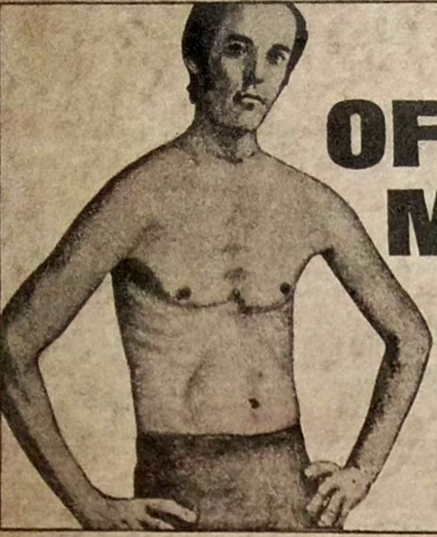
An instance of how baseless gossip gets around came to my notice that morning. One of the farmers complained that he had not been able to get a tractor because Sanjay Gandhi was using it to plough his idle acres to raise crops. I told him that I had driven round and across all of Maruti's 300 acres and not seen either a tractor or a square inch of cultivation.

Did the acquisition cause undue hardship to local farmers? Most of the Jat, Ahir and Gujar cultivators along the Gurgaon Road have been selling their lands to gentlemen farmers from the cities and investing their sale receipts in buying more land in the hinterland. Drive along any road going out of Delhi and you will see stately mansions, vineyards and orchards. Amongst the profiteers was the Delhi Land and Finance Corporation which made an enormous fortune by buying land cheap, developing it and selling it to builders.

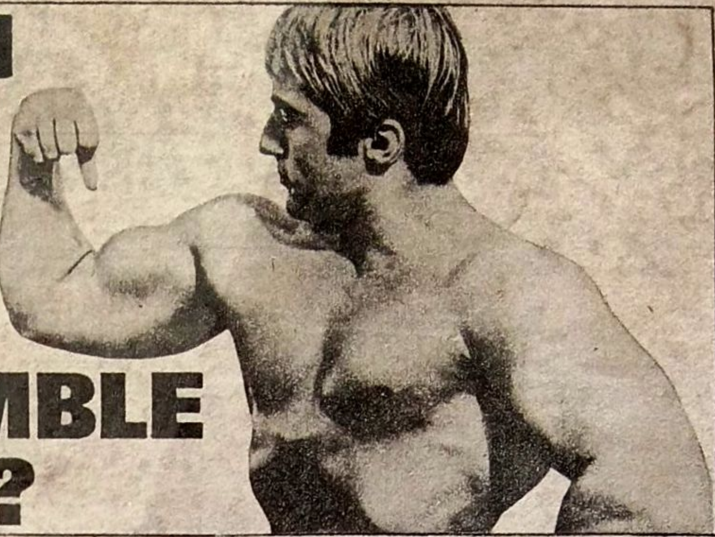
A majority of people dispossessed by the Haryana Government's requisition order were the DLF, retired civilians and army officers who had bought land to build houses, raise poultry, grapes and vegetable gardens. Very few of the people dispossessed were traditional agriculturists. And as is usual in every case of compulsory acquisition, it was challenged in courts of law and claims made for higher compensation. But it is abundantly clear that Maruti did not get land at "throwaway prices". It paid an average of a little under Rs 12,000 per acre at a time when that was the price of the acre. It was after the area was industrialised that the price of land shot up to its present level of Rs 50,000 per acre. Far from causing hardship, Maruti has opened up avenues of employment to hundreds of families of unemployed Panjabi refugees who live in and around Gurgaon.

WHEN I GROW UP, I WILL MAKE ONE OF MY OWN. Sanjay with grandfather Nehru. The Maruti's fuel consumption—18 km per litre—is the lowest among all the cars produced in India.

—*Continued*



WHICH OF THESE MEN DO YOU RESEMBLE MOST?



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Fitness Expert reveals how these 7 exercises can build you a power-packed body in exactly 49 seconds a day!

❶ This is Len Sell, former Mr. Universe, demonstrating the simple series of 7-second Bullworker exercises. This exercise develops deep and muscular "he-man" chest.

❷ This exercise builds steel-like rippling biceps.

❸ Here's how to attain that handsome, athletic "V" shape.

❹ This exercise builds back muscles, gives you that "man of action" look.

❺ This one charges your forearms with new strength.

❻ Here's how you can develop muscular shoulders.

❼ Mould flabby stomach fat into a firm wall of muscle.

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Try a 5-minute workout with Bullworker every day for 14 days. If, after that, you do not LOOK and FEEL stronger, tougher, more dynamic, simply return the Bullworker to us and it will not have cost you a paisa!

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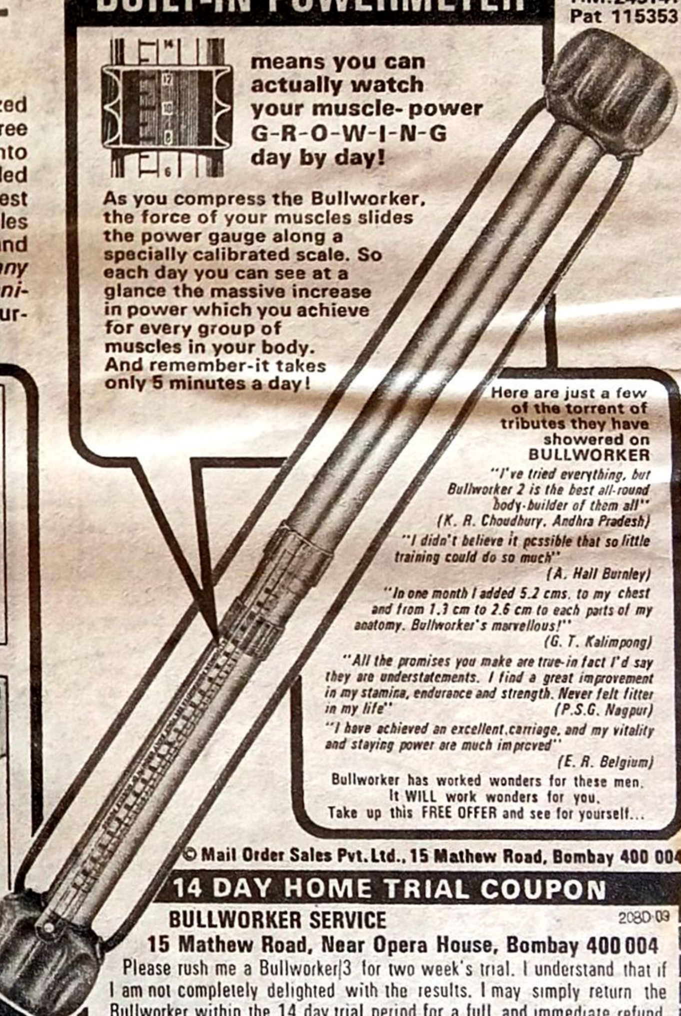
As you compress the Bullworker, the force of your muscles slides the power gauge along a specially calibrated scale. So each day you can see at a glance the massive increase in power which you achieve for every group of muscles in your body. And remember-it takes only 5 minutes a day!



Here are just a few of the torrent of tributes they have showered on BULLWORKER

"I've tried everything, but Bullworker 2 is the best all-round body-builder of them all"
(K. R. Choudhury, Andhra Pradesh)

"I didn't believe it possible that so little training could do so much"
(A. Hall Burnley)

"In one month I added 5.2 cms. to my chest and from 1.3 cm to 2.6 cm to each parts of my anatomy. Bullworker's marvellous!"
(G. T. Kalimpong)

"All the promises you make are true-in fact I'd say they are understatements. I find a great improvement in my stamina, endurance and strength. Never felt fitter in my life" *(P.S.G. Nagpur)*

"I have achieved an excellent carriage, and my vitality and staying power are much improved"
(E. R. Belgium)

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Please rush me a Bullworker|3 for two week's trial. I understand that if I am not completely delighted with the results. I may simply return the Bullworker within the 14 day trial period for a full and immediate refund.

(Please tick ☑ appropriate box).

☐ I'll pay Rs. 39 (and Rs. 9 shipping charges) on delivery of Bullworker by V.P.P. and agree to pay 13 further monthly instalments of Rs. 19 each againts this H.P. account if I keep the machine after 14 days.
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SAVE Rs. 32 by making only one immediate payment ☐ I will pay postman Rs. 263 on delivery of my Bullworker by V.P.P. ☐ Cheque/draft enclosed /sent M.O. for Rs. 263 (including all taxes)—with the same 14 day return privilege.

IL75

Your signature.................... (or parent's if under 18)
Name..
Address...
....

—P. Dayal—

THE CRITICS. L. K. Advani of Jana Sangh and Madhu Limaye of the Socialist Party (left) *and Jyotirmoy Bosu of the CPM* (above) *have carried on a concerted campaign in Parliament against the Maruti project. Among the charges: enforced requisition of cheap land by the Haryana Government for the factory, use of imported machinery, foreign engine in the prototype, illegal deposits from dealers, preferential treatment by the Government, etc. All charges have been denied by the Government in Parliament.*

Did Maruti break any regulations by being located near a defence establishment? Is it a hazard to aircraft taking off and landing at Palam because of its closeness to the runway? All I could discover about the first point is that there was an ammunition dump somewhere in the vicinity but no objection had been raised by the Ministry of Defence to the factories that began mushrooming in that area even before Maruti was conceived. And that the notice served on Maruti was thought up and instigated by one of the senior Civil Servants who owned a plot in the land acquired by the Haryana Government as a last attempt to throw a spanner in Maruti's works. As for the aircraft, Maruti is too far away from the runway to be a hazard to anything. There are many industrial establishments closer to the runway and no pilot or aeronautical expert has said a word against their being where they are.

Being the Prime Minister's son has both its advantages and disadvantages. Undoubtedly the Maruti's files travel faster than similar files of other industrialists. But it is equally certain that allocations of cement, power, etc, which would be made to ordinary citizens in the ordinary course of business, are overscrutinised and grudgingly given to Maruti, because of the constant barrage of criticism levelled against it. Mrs Gandhi has admitted this. "It" (her being PM) "might have helped him more had he not been my son. Because now what he is doing, he is doing in spite of constant propaganda, questioning and so on, whereas had he been able to implement the proposal on his own, none of these difficulties would have arisen"!

Arrant Nonsense

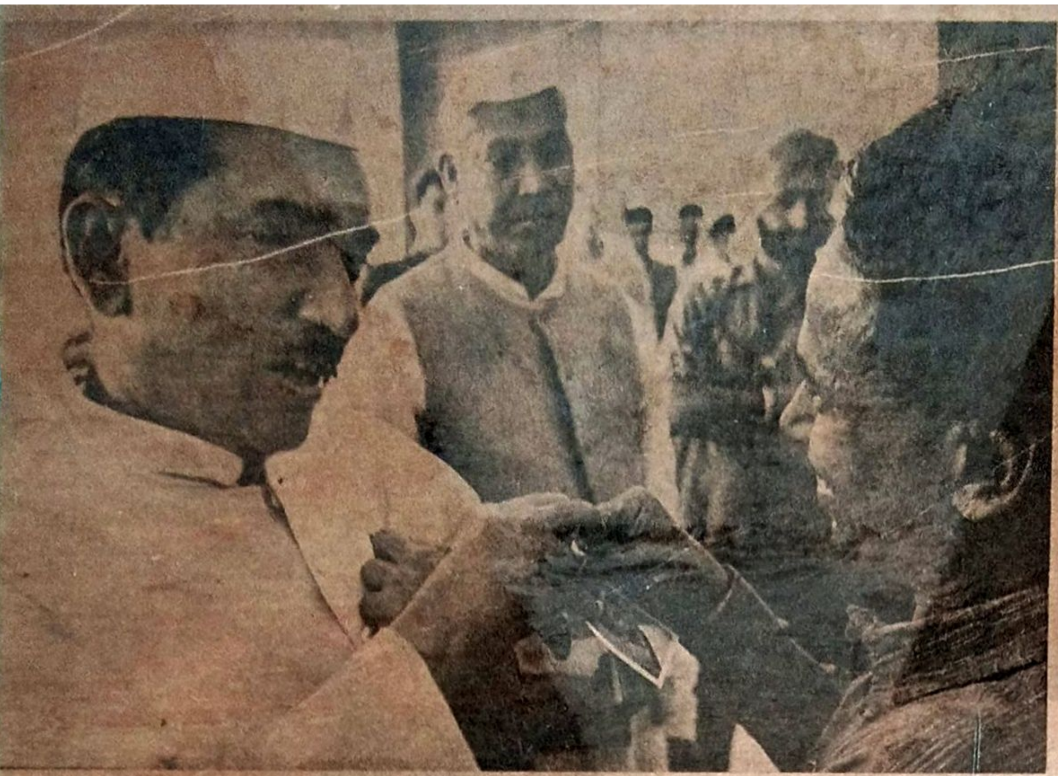
The main burden of the criticism against Maruti is that, in a short time, Sanjay Gandhi has become a very rich man. This is arrant nonsense. Maruti is not the personal property of Sanjay Gandhi. It belongs corporately to its innumerable shareholders, ranging from some firms in which the Birlas have minor interests (their total holdings do not amount to more than Rs 5.6 lakhs) to many others. Some of the shareholders may have dubious reputations (so do shareholders of any firm) but the innuendo so often made that they have invested in Maruti and gained special privileges has no foundation whatsoever.

One of the stories circulated is that one of the Directors of the Company, Mr Raunaq Singh, had his house searched and a large sum of unaccounted money was found in it. And that no action was taken against him because he "paid up" to Maruti.

Mr Raunaq Singh has repeatedly denied that his house was searched or any money or document seized from him. Nevertheless the allegation continues to be made in speech and print. How many people can Raunaq Singh take to court on actions of slander or libel? What can he do if these charges continue to be made in the privileged precincts of Parliament?

Sanjay Gandhi as Managing Director of Maruti draws a salary of Rs 4,000 per month. Undoubtedly a handsome pay-packet for a young man of 29. The Managing Director of Fiat draws Rs 8,000, of Ambassador and Standard at least as much every month, plus enormous perks. Sanjay Gandhi did not inherit Maruti as the sons of the Birlas, Shri Rams, Sarabhais, Singhanias, Dalmias, Jains, Goenkas, etc, have inherited their industrial empires. He has made Maruti with his own bare hands.

In The News...



SHE IS MY LUCKY CHARM. U.P. Chief Minister H. N. Bahuguna (showing a picture of Mrs Gandhi to a Congress MP) has been told by the Prime Minister to "act like a leader". Accused of high-handed behaviour by a number of Congress dissidents in the State, Mr Bahuguna has reportedly earned the wrath of the rich peasant lobby in the party for his attempts to carry out land reforms. He has been criticised for trying to build a base for himself at the cost of the party. The matter was taken up by the Congress High Command and later by the PM, who asked Mr Bahuguna to win the cooperation of all partymen. The leadership crisis in the State has been shelved rather than solved.

FROM OLYMPIAN HEIGHTS TO THE BEYOND. Avery Brundage (88), President of the International Olympic Committee for 20 years, died in a West German hospital. He was considered the last champion of the non-commercial amateur Olympics based on principles laid down by the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Games. Mr Brundage, who was a staunch critic of the present style of mammoth Games, handed over the reins of IOC to Lord Killanin in 1972. He is survived by Princess Marianne de Reuss (37), whom he married in 1973.

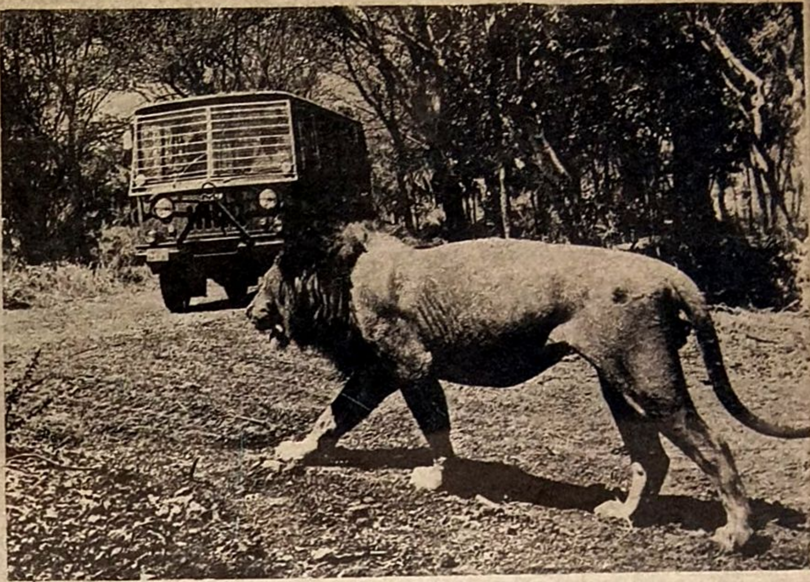
FROM THE ARABS WITH LOVE. Yasser Arafat (left), Chief of the Palestine Liberation Organisation, pins a "Badge of Honour" on Mrs Manorama Dewan, Editor of Press Asia International, after she had signed an agreement with WAFA, the Palestine news agency. Mrs Dewan is the first non-official Indian to be honoured by the PLO for promoting Indo-Palestine understanding. Looking on is WAFA Director Zayyed Abdul Fatah.

WHO'S HAD A CHANGE OF HEART? The big-time boys are back—Sukur Naran Bakhia (above being taken to hospital under police guard while suffering from a "heart condition"), Yusuf Patel, Ram Lal Narang, Nainmal Punjaji Shah and Champalal Punjaji Shah—were released under orders of the Delhi High Court. They had been arrested under the Conservation of Foreign Exchange and Prevention of Smuggling Activities Act in December last. While the Act itself has been called in question by the Court, the authorities have also been severely castigated for several "discrepencies" while making the arrests. The Supreme Court rejected a plea for the re-detention of those released by the High Court. In the mean time, prices of smuggled goods in Bombay dropped by half. The flow from "centres" such as Dubai, which had slowed down to a trickle, is now said to have assumed the proportions of a flood. Smuggled Scotch, which had gone up to Rs 125 per bottle last December, now sells for Rs 85.

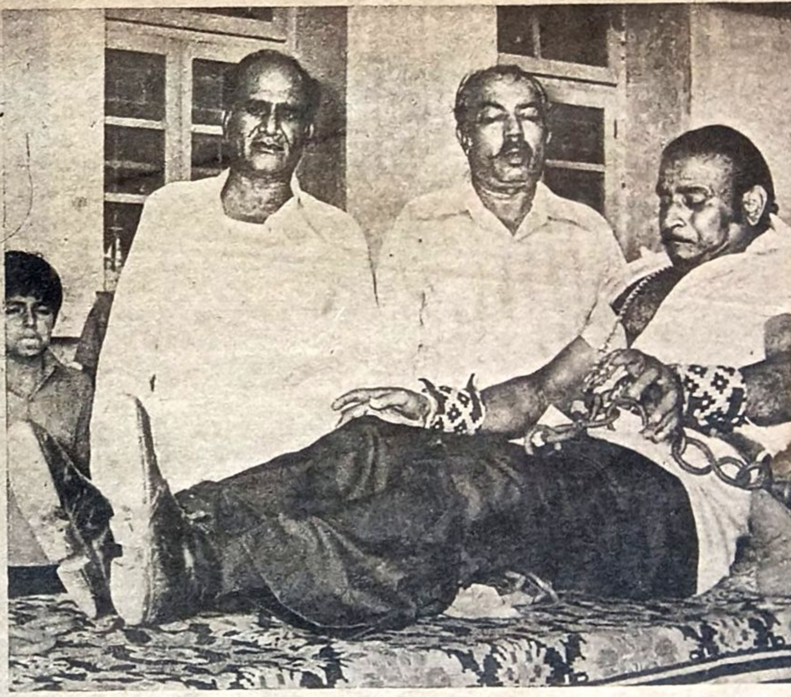
...And Out Of It

THIS ROMEO—NOT MONTAGUE, BUT ANGADI. *Darien, son of Ayana Deva Angadi and Patricia. Darien was a finalist in last year's Vogue Talent Contest for his dramatic performances. At 26, he has performed for two years with the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford-upon-Avon, besides doing roles in several operas and avant-garde musicals. Some of his songs have been recorded. Last year Darien visited South India. "I discovered a whole family and village that I belonged to and I didn't know a soul," he said. Darien is seen here in a scene from* Romeo and Juliet.

WHAT MEN CAN DO, WOMEN CAN DO BETTER. *Mrs Inderjit Kaur Sandhu has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of Punjabi University at Patiala. She is the first woman to hold the post. Mrs Sandhu, 51, was Principal of the Government College for Women, Amritsar. She has a degree in Training, an M.A. in Philosophy and a second M.A. in Punjabi. She is the wife of Giani Gurdit Singh, a Punjabi writer of repute. They have two sons.*

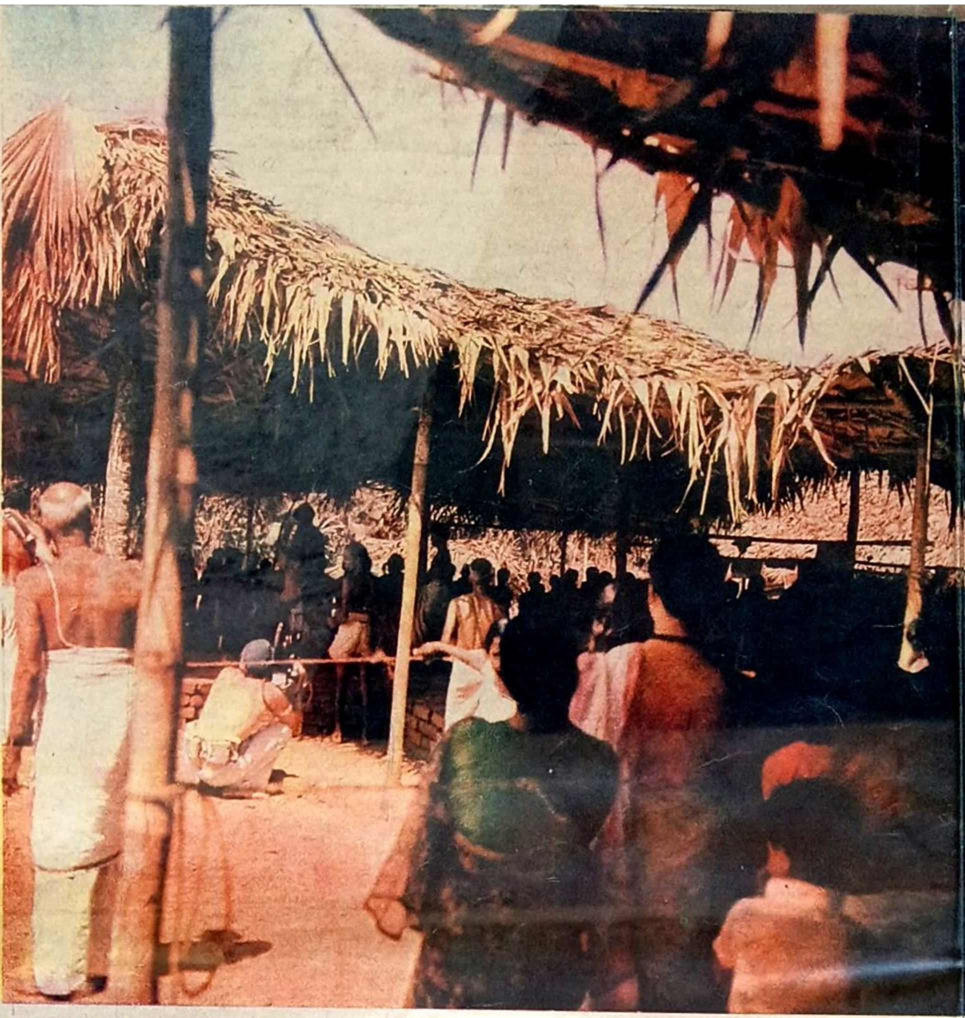


TAKING THE ROYAL ROAD. *A Lion Safari Park, one of the largest of its kind in Asia, has been set up at the Nehru Zoological Park in Hyderabad. Visitors in "Cages"—closed mini buses—can see the beasts moving about in their natural habitat. The Park is very different from the conventional zoo. It has no barred cells and follows the latest ideas in breeding and preserving wildlife. There are about 1,500 animals in its 400-acre ground.*

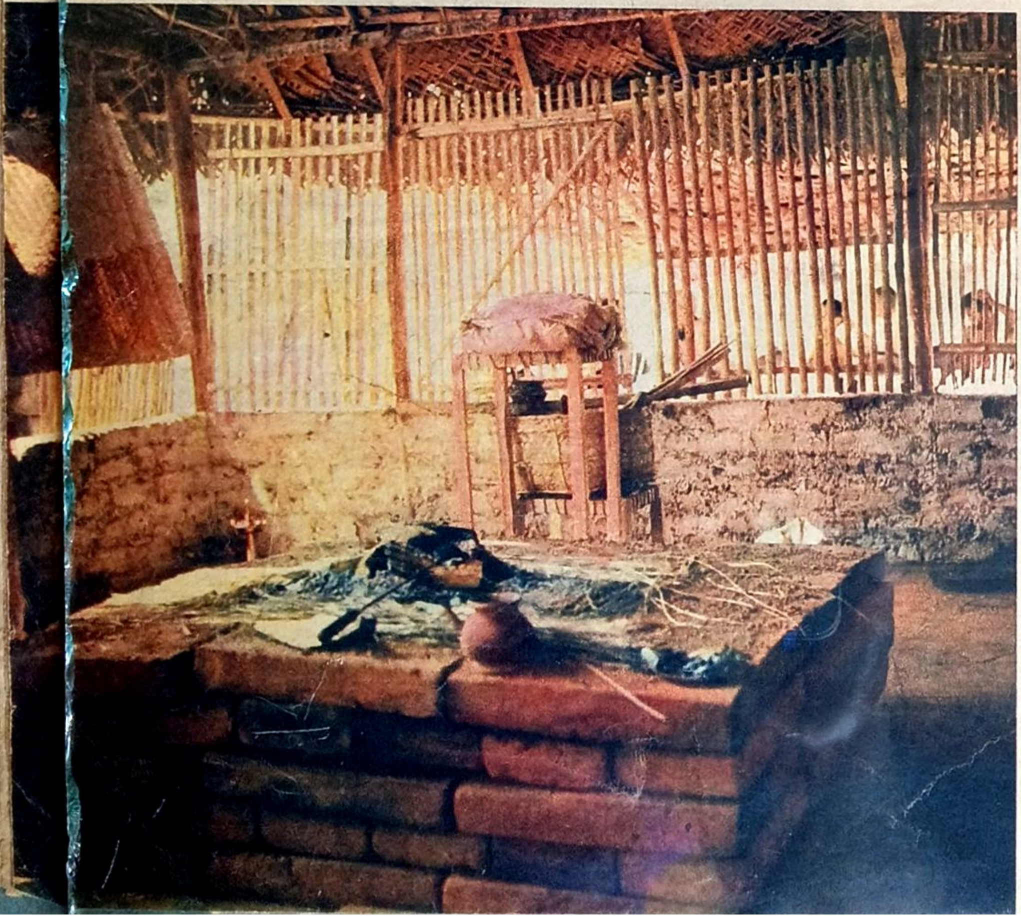


"KALIYUGA PANDAVA". *Sudhakar Bhim, better known as "The Indian Hercules", lives up to his name. He can break an iron chain with his bare hands, hold back two cars speeding in opposite directions, drive six-inch nails into a board with his fists and let an eight-ton road-roller run over his chest. Bhim, who's 42, was born in Kurukshetra in Haryana. A dropout from Gurukul University, Hardwar, Bhim claims that his yoga helps him perform these feats. He is a vegetarian, a bachelor and conducts free yoga training camps for students and the general public.*

Kerala Yajna With Foreign Participation



THE YAGASALA. *This is built with bamboo and thatched with palm-leaves. Particular care was taken to see that iron was not used. All measurements of the yagasala are either the multiples or divisibles of the height of the yajamana (the one who performs the sacrifice), when he stands upright with his arms raised in a posture of supplication.*



THE ALTAR. *Ten types of bricks are used in its construction—in all, one thousand bricks. It is completed in five days at the rate of 200 bricks a day. Each brick is consecrated to a particular Vedic deity and is laid to the accompaniment of mantras. During this ceremony, two white horses are tethered at the eastern side of the yagasala.*

The *yajna* performed at Panjal, a remote village in Kerala, took the spectators back to the Vedic age. It was conducted under the auspices of an international committee of indologists. The foreign participation, as well as the original decision of animal sacrifice, created a bitter controversy in the State. As a result, the idea of animal sacrifice was abandoned and a "symbolic substitute" was used.

by V. T. INDUCHUDAN

ONE of the most complicated Vedic sacrifices called *Agnichayana* performed in Panjal, a remote village in Kerala, carried the spectators back to nine or ten centuries before Christ—to the time of the *Brahmanas*, *Aranyakas* and *Srouta Sutras*. The **Namputiri brahmins of Kerala, who are said to be the only people preserving the traditions of this ritual, organised the sacrifice lasting for twelve days beginning with the advent of spring on April 12.**

Through several centuries, Namputiri families wielded economic, social, political and cultural influence and many or most of them were big landowners. Their high priests are known as *vaidikas* and they conducted *yajnas* as household or community rituals which were expensive affairs. *Agnichayana* was held as late as 1957. *Somayaya*, a simpler sacrifice, has been more common.

The Namputiris have been hit by the agrarian laws enacted in Kerala during the post-Independence period and their religious tradition has received a setback. However, some families of *vaidikas* have doggedly stuck to their traditions and preserved ancient manuscripts, although they have been unable to conduct the rituals for want of money.

Foreign Indologists

It was at this stage that two scholars, one from the US and another from Finland, accidentally came into contact with a leading Namputiri ritualist named Mamunnu Ittiravi of Panjal. Professor J. F. Staal, born in Holland in 1930 and now working in California University, had come to India to learn Sanskrit. He visited Kerala in 1957 and met Ittiravi Namputiri from whom he tried to learn the practical aspects of the *yajna* literature.

Impressed by his vast store of Vedic knowledge, he returned twice—in 1962 and 1971. Another visitor was Dr Asko Parpola, a well-known indologist from Finland, who met Ittiravi Namputiri in 1971.

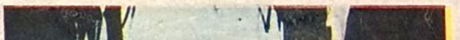
The problem that confronted these foreign scholars, as also many leading Indian authorities, was that they possessed only textual knowledge of Vedic literature and have never seen the actual *Agnichayana* being conducted, an experience which would throw a flood of light into the social life of the Indian people of the Vedic period. With this end in view, Professor Staal attempted

—Continued

NAMPUTIRI WOMEN, known as antarjanam *(literally, "people who are confined to the house"), watch the* yajna *in their traditional dress. When they go out, they shield themselves from obtrusive glances with palm-leaf umbrellas.*

CHERUMUKKU VALLABHAN SOMAYAJIPAD, *who belongs to a well-known priestly family. He was the chief supervisor of* the yajna.

.*CHIEF SACRIFICER.* The yajamana, *Cherumukku Vaidkan Neelakanthan Somayajipad (he took the title of Akhithiripad, after the performance of the sacrifice).*



CHERUMUKKU VAIDIKAN KRISHNAN NAMPUTIRI. *He was the* adhvaryu, *in charge of the Yajurvedi part of the ritual.* The yajamana *is a Rigvedi.*

to persuade Ittiravi Namputiri to conduct a simpler ritual, called *Somayaga*, in 1962. However, the attempt failed due to some technical reasons.

In 1971, Professor Staal and Dr Parpola entered upon a more ambitious project of persuading Ittiravi Namputiri to organise the more complicated *Agnichayana*. Ittiravi accepted the idea and the *yajna* was scheduled to take place in 1974. It was a costly affair and Staal and Parpola attempted to form an International Agnichayana Committee of Scholars, a project which they successfully carried out.

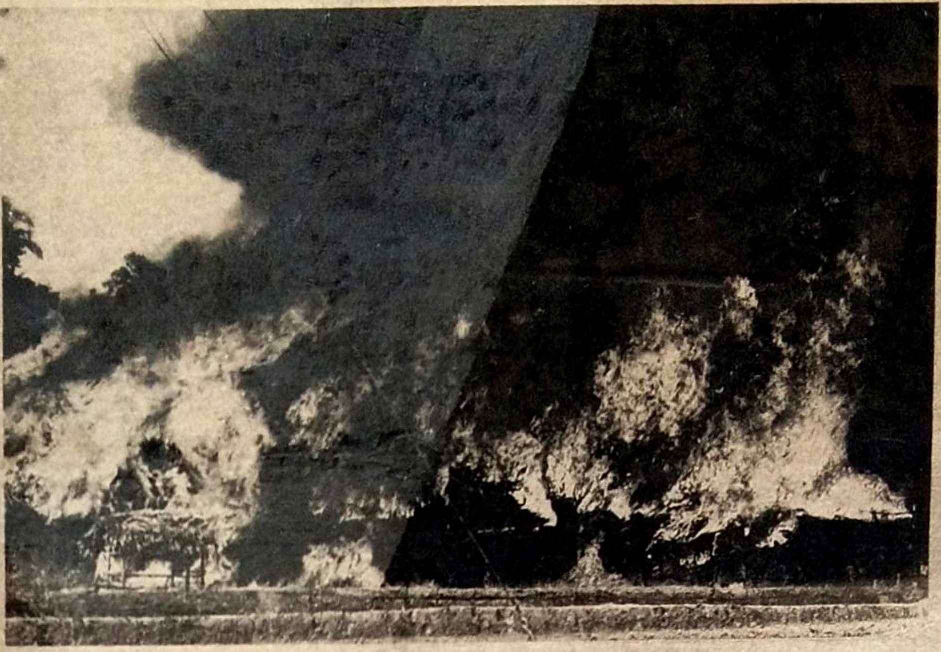
There was not much delay in the formation of the committee in which scholars of eleven nations participated—they came from Holland, America, Britain, Japan, India, Austria, East Germany, West Germany, France, Nepal and Finland. Since in the prevailing conditions there was no hope of another *Agnichayana*, the current ritual was supposed to be the last in human history, and elaborate arrangements were made to record it in film and tape with the permission of the Government of India.

Bad Luck

Unfortunately, the year 1974 was one of bad luck. Some ritualists non-cooperated and the event had to be postponed. At one stage it looked as if it would never take place, but the entry upon the stage of two Namputiris, Cherumukku Vaidikan, one of the leading priests in Kerala, and Erkara Raman Namputiri, a reputed scholar, made it possible to conduct the *yajna* in April 1975.

But, as the sacrifice was about to be conducted, there was an unexpected outburst from a section of the public and the press against the ritual. Two objections were put forward. One related to the suffocation to death of goats which was to form part of the ceremony. We are a nation dedicated to *ahimsa*, some of them pointed out. A leading daily wrote in support of this argument, to which the sympathisers of the *yajna* retorted: "Are you not every day dissecting hundreds of animals in the colleges and butchering thousands in the market, including cows?"

One section of the agitators objected to foreigners filming the event. They claimed that the films would be used for cheap propaganda against India. The Communist Party (Marxist) spoke of "the political penetration of Dollar Imperialism into India".



THE FINAL SACRIFICE. On the last day of the Agnichayana, *the yagasala is offered to the God of Fire, Agni. Picture shows the yagasala being consumed by flames.*

In the mean while, somebody (said to be a Jana Sanghi) threatened to burn himself in the sacrificial fire!

As the date of the *yajna* approached, the Namputiris conducted hurried consultation and gave a written undertaking to the district authorities that they proposed to abandon animal sacrifice and would conduct the sacrifice with substitutes. This appeared to have had the desired effect and the *yajna* started on the scheduled day and went on peacefully. It was attended by hundreds of thousands of devotees who trekked their way to Panjal.

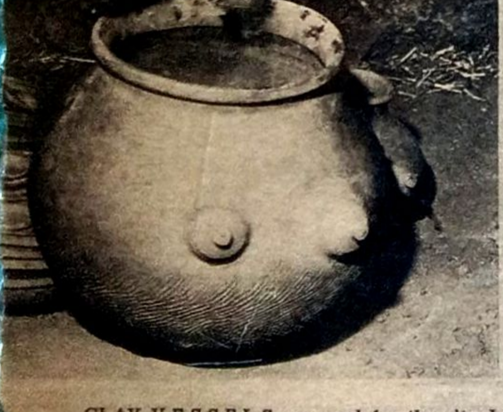
According to eminent Sanskrit scholars, who came from various parts of India, the *Agnichayana* of the Namputiris followed the general pattern of the *Boudhayana Srouta Sutra* with a few alterations and including some local rites. The practical conduct of the *yajna* has helped in an understanding of passages in the Vedas which have so far remained obscure.

The *yajna* started with the collection and "fabrication" of materials. A *yagasala* (i.e. the sacrificial hall) was built with bamboo and dried palm-leaves. It had several chambers, each intended for different rites during different stages of the sacrifice. Hundreds of pots and wooden implements were made. One remarkable feature was that no metallic implement or vessel was ever used.

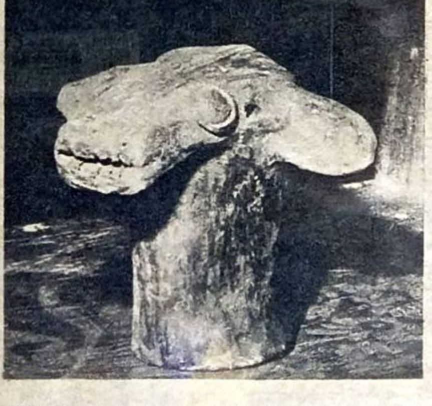
One of the first rites of *Agnichayana* (and also of the *Somayaga*) is the handing over of the *soma* creeper from which the intoxicating juice beloved of Indra is brewed. The hereditary right of gathering the *soma* from the mountains is vested in a local chieftain, the Raja of Kollengode. According to legend, this family originated from the Sun.

The eldest of the family takes to an ascetic life bearing the title "Venganadu Nambidi". The *soma* creepers which grow on his mountains, as also the skin of the black antelope and other forest produce necessary for the *yajna*, are collected by the hill tribes. The eldest Raja, who is a *sanyasi*, then hands over these materials to a Namputiri priest during a simple ceremony conducted in a local temple.

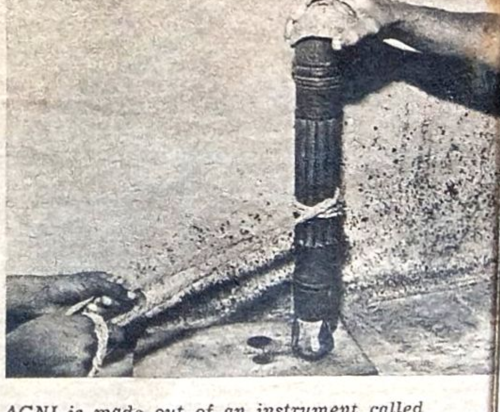
This writer had the opportunity to climb the hills while the tribals collected the *soma*. It is a leafless creeper whose growth is alleged to be regulated by the moon. I gave specimens to the Central Ayurvedic Research Institute for investigation. Dr Venkitaraghavan, Director of the Institute, has given me a note according to



CLAY VESSELS are used for the ritual. They have protuberances which are called "breasts". Perhaps they symbolise plenty.



HEADS of different animals made of clay are buried under the main altar before it is built up.



AGNI is made out of an instrument called arani. *The rotation of the instrument causes friction and produces sparks.*

THE FOREIGN CONNECTION. Left to right: *Dr Asko Parpola, Vedic scholar from Finland known for his theories about the Indus Valley script; Mr Ikari, a Vedic student from Kyoto University working on a thesis on this particular* Agnichayana; *and Prof J. F. Staal of California University, leader of the International Committee which helped conduct the* yajna. *His wife is a Malayali.*

which this creeper is not unknown to Ayurveda and modern botanists. The latter call it: *Carcosterma Brevistigma W & A.* It is known to grow in the Deccan, Konkan and Karnataka at altitudes of 4,500 ft and contains a lot of latex. *Soma* proper is presumed to grow in the Himalayas and this one collected from Kollengode is called by some scholars *Somapratinidhi* meaning a substitute. But *Rajanikhandu* calls this *Prathisoma* meaning a counterpart. It is presumed to yield some alkaloids.

The *yajna* is supposed to be organised under the aegis of the *yajamana.* After the preliminary rites, he enters the *yagasala* with his wife. From this moment the couple shall not leave the *yagasala* until after the *Agnichayana* is concluded. They live in penance and consume only goat's milk. The *yajamana* keeps the fingers of both his hands closed day and night, to show perhaps that he shall not do anything else other than the *yajna.* The fingers remain closed from the night of the first day to the noon of the ninth day of the *yajna.* Often the fingers are incapable of movement on the ninth day and they are required to be massaged back into life.

The sacrificial fire is made out of an instrument called *arani.* It consists of two pieces, one a wooden cylinder with a piece of wood made into the shape of a lotus bud attached to the bottom of the cylinder. The pointed end of the bud is placed on a flat piece of wood on the edge of a four-inch-square basin bored into the flat piece. The cylinder is kept vertical and churned with a rope and the friction of the point of the bud with the flat piece causes sparks to fly into the basin where some inflammable material is placed.

Most of the rites consist of pouring *ghee* or other substances into the fire to the accompaniment of hymns from the *Rig, Sama* and *Yajur* Vedas. There is a large group of chanters who are called *ritviks,* five among whom are supposed to be most important. They are called *adhvaryu, brahman, hota, udgata* and *sadasya.* The first is the "Prime Minister" and the others "Ministers". Each one of these have a number of subordinate staff.

Every act in the *yagasala* by any *ritivik* is accompanied by the chanting of *mantras.* The belief in the hypnotic power of the *word* pervades everywhere. Every object and every act, however insignificant it might be, is codified, technically named and an esoteric meaning attributed to it.

On the fourth day of the *yajna* they started the work of piling up the *chithi,* which, when completed, formed a platform in the shape of the divine bird Garuda lying flat on the ground with spread wings. The *chithi* is built with five layers of bricks and is a comparatively large structure. Ten types of bricks are used. Totally, a thousand bricks are used. Every brick is laid to the accompaniment of *mantras.* The sacrificial fire is lit on the *chithi* and the rites are done on it.

Early in the morning on the last day the *ritviks* performed what is called the *avabhritasnana.* It consisted of a holy dip in the waters of a big tank in a nearby temple. This was accompanied by a kind of community bath by the devotees, men and women.

Awe-Inspiring Sight

After this, the entire *yagasala* was burnt down. The tongues of *Agni* consumed the entire structure.

It was an awe-inspiring sight. The time fixed for this rite was four in the afternoon of April 24. **A big crowd was on hand. A little while before the conclusion, they shouted in enthusiasm as they saw a kite flying at a great height above the** yagasala. **It was supposed to be Garuda, the divine bird. The traditional belief on seeing such a sign is that Lord Indra is pleased with the yajna and consequently rains will come down. I do not know whether it was a coincidence—it did pour within a radius of thirty miles, an hour after the conclusion of the yajna.**

WHAT IS "AGNICHAYANA"

Scholars hold that yajnas *have a history of over 5,000 years in India. In Kerala a "renaissance" in* yajnas *took place over 1,500 years ago to counteract Buddhist influence. This movement was spearheaded by Mezhathole Agnihotri, who conducted over 99* yajnas *at Yajneswaram. In the past 75 years, about 150* yajnas *have been conducted at Sukapuram, Perumanam, Irinjalakuda, Taliparambu and Karikatt in Kerala.*

The present yajna *is estimated to have cost Rs 2.5 lakhs. It was conducted under the auspices of an International Agnichayana Committee of Scholars headed by an American, Prof J. E. Staal. The Committee has also filmed the ritual.*

This "foreign connection" had raised a lot of criticism in Kerala. Noted poets and critics like N. V. Krishna Warrior and Thayyat Sankaran had attacked what they termed as "the desire for dollar". Krishna Warrior went to the extent of saying that the films (which were taken of the yajna*) when shown abroad would only denigrate India.*

The animal sacrifices which were to have been a part of the yajna *provoked the most hostile criticism. Altogether the ritual demanded the sacrifice of 14 goats —one each on the first, ninth and twelfth day; and eleven on the tenth day.*

The goats are supposed to symbolise cows. They are killed by suffocation and certain parts of their bodies are burned in the sacrificial fire.

This part of the yajna *was strongly attacked by the well-known poet and the first Jnanpith Award winner, G. Sankara Kurup. "G", as he is popularly known, said that the animal sacrifice is an act of barbarism. He appealed to the Committee to desist from the act. On the other side, the sacrifice was defended by another noted poet, Akitham. He held that even the act of breathing was* himsa; *therefore, there was nothing particularly wrong about the sacrifice, since it was going to help further research on Vedic rites.*

Besides these public figures, various organisations, newspapers and ordinary citizens took part in the controversy. Eventually, under public pressure, the Committee decided to conduct the yajna *using clay figures in the place of real animals. This marked the end of the controversy and the* Agnichayana *was begun with this subtle alteration on April 12.*

An Interview With B.K.S. Iyengar

He has taught yoga to Yehudi Menuhin, Clifford Curzon, Jiddu Krishnamurti, Jayaprakash Narayan and G. S. Pathak. Last February an ultra-modern Yoga Foundation was set up in Poona out of funds collected in India and abroad. Built in memory of B. K. S. Iyengar's late wife Ramamani, the Foundation will attract yoga buffs from all over the world.

Text and Photographs by P. R. SHINDE

PRANAYAMA. *The first batch of 60 foreign students* (two are seen above) *arrived soon after the inauguration of the Ramamani Iyengar* Yoga Foundation *in February. They underwent three weeks of intensive training.*

How and when was your interest in yoga aroused?

I was a sickly teenager—weighing 70 lb with a 20-in chest and a top-heavy head—a suspected case of TB and a burden to my family. In sheer desperation, I went from Bangalore to Mysore—to my sister's husband, Shri Krishnamacharya, who was head of the *yogashala* patronised by the Maharaja of Mysore. There I began a few *yogasanas* under his guidance.

Did yoga help your physical condition?

It was a hard and long struggle. I had no confidence in yoga. But I persisted for two reasons: I was more or less down and out financially and I thought perhaps something of a career as a teacher of yoga may result out of my effort. Fortunately it did. My physical condition improved considerably and I gained in confidence.

Why did you choose Poona *as your place of work?*

Sheer coincidence. My guru and I were giving a yoga demonstration at Belgaum in 1936. Mr V. B. Gokhale, the civil surgeon, saw us perform and was impressed. He asked us to teach students of Poona colleges at the Deccan Gymkhana. The initial contract was for six months. Subsequently it was extended to three years. After the stint, I was on my own.

Why do you think yoga is superior to other systems of physical culture?

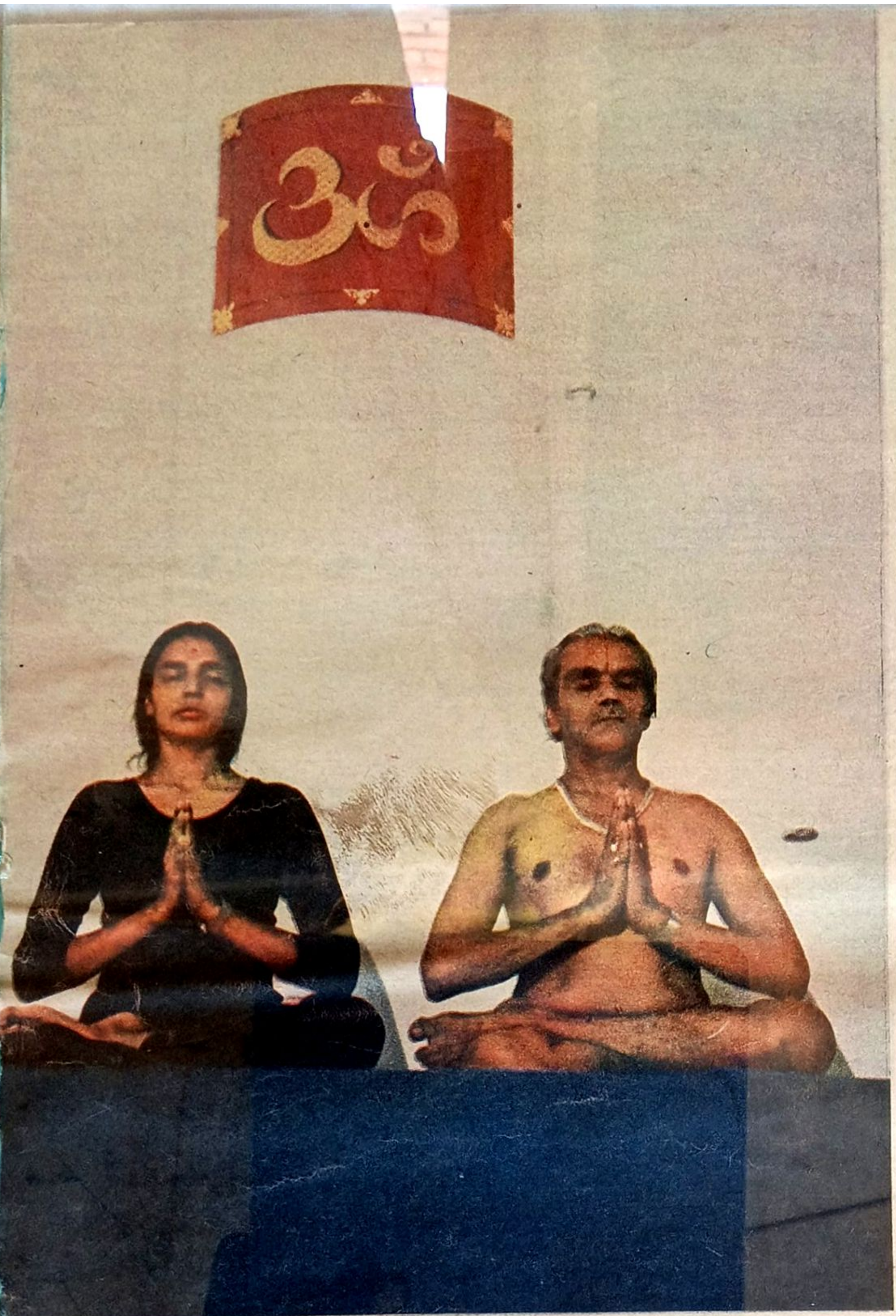
It's for the Whole Body

Yoga is *sarvangasadhana.* Yoga aims at developing and keeping in good order our muscles, bones and glands; our nervous system, respiratory system and circulation. The other systems aim at physical development only. Weightlifting, for example, can help develop muscles and nothing else.

Why are Westerners more interested in yoga than Indians?

The popular misconception of a yogi in this country is that of a recluse or a *sanyasi* sitting cross-legged in a mountain-cave or on the river-bank. Now yoga does not mean running away from life or its problems. In fact, yoga gives you the strength to face life squarely. Misconceptions about yoga persist in the West too. I was once asked by the Customs men at London airport if I could swallow Pounds or walk on fire! The West is now realising yoga could be the answer to the stress and strain of their life-style.

Is yoga the answer to tensions created by modern life?



B. K. S. IYENGAR AND DAUGHTER GEETA in the Padmasana. *The Yoga Foundation is named after Iyengar's wife Ramamani.*

Certainly. For a relaxed and tranquil state of mind and body, there are excellent *yogasanas* like *Shavasana.* I am glad heart specialists have started recommending this *asana* to their patients.

When other medicines have failed them, do a lot of people seek your help as a last resort?

Quite a few come to me as a last resort—especially physical wrecks and the mentally disturbed or frustrated. Of course, in such cases, it is first necessary to create confidence in them and help them face their problems.

Do you insist on your students being vegetarians, non-smokers and non-drinkers?

Not at all. But I have found that most of them voluntarily give up these things.

"This is Not Yoga"

Some yogis claim to stop their heartbeat for some time and others to seal themselves in closed chambers. What is the point of such experiments?

This is not yoga and gives a bad name to the science. These tricks are meant to impress the gullible public—just as some gurus or swamis produce ash from their hair. You know what happened to that much-publicised experiment of walking on water in Bombay. My concern is to keep an average man healthy in body and mind.

Have any of your students been on narcotics?

Very few. The practice of yoga can take you to such a state of exhilaration that there is no need for LSD. In this connection, my student, Miss Angela Farmer, who teaches yoga in a county school in England, narrated an experience. The school had engaged her to get rid of some of the boys' addiction to drugs. She succeeded. There was some hitch in her contract and the school authorities had to terminate her service. The boys took to drugs again. She had to be re-engaged.

What do you hope to achieve with your Yoga Foundation?

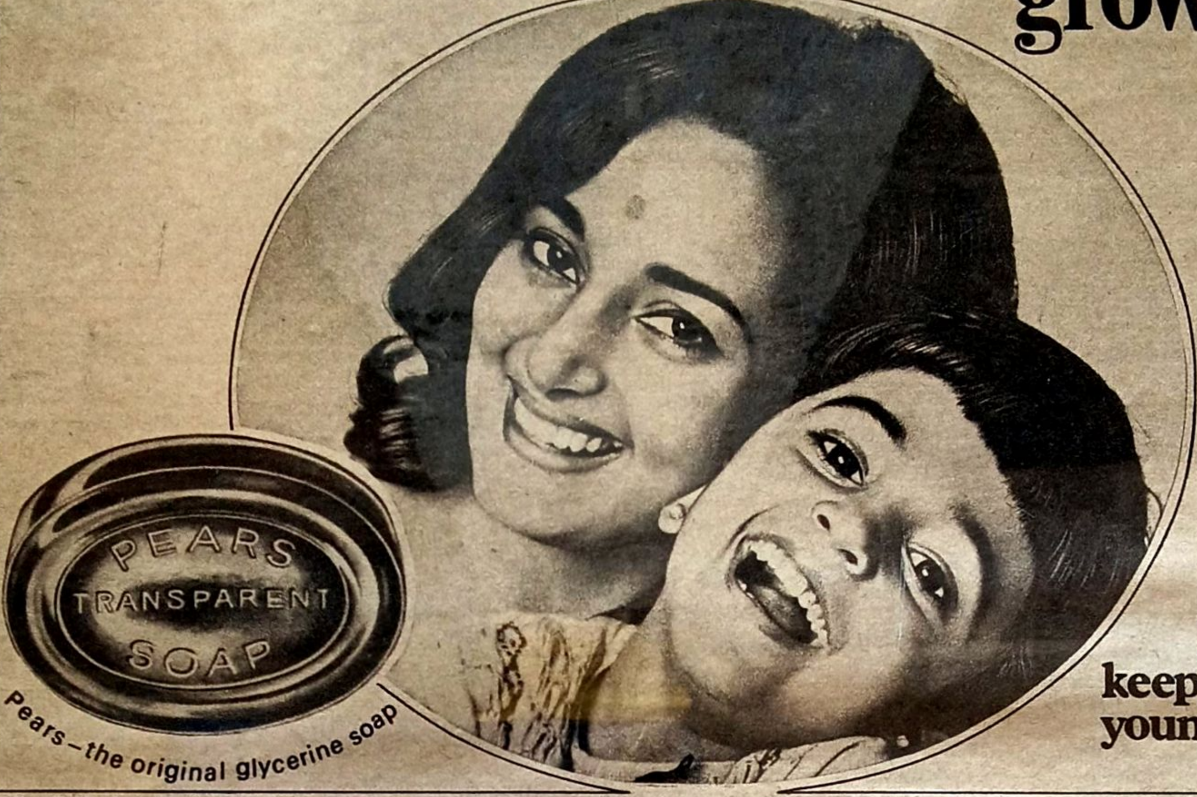
Here students from all over the world will learn yoga. Also, those who want to will be trained to teach yoga. In general, the spread of the science of yoga all over the world is my aim.

Do you think if politicians were to practise yoga, our country would be a better place?

Why only politicians? The whole world would be a better place, for yoga essentially is peace and harmony.

THE CLASS does the Shavasana, *the posture for physical and mental relaxation.*

Some complexions just never grow up!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Poetry Of The Month

Selected by
SHIV K. KUMAR

Home Fire

Always it is
past dusk
on this boulevard.

Donned in the haze
of incertitude
and shadowed by
the swollen roots
of the overgrown banyan
they trudge along.

I ask you about
the string-cot missing
from our verandah.

But
you fix your gaze
on the blue-rimmed fire
slow and winding
like the worms of earth
in their rain-beaten mirth
catching the roof.

Halfway to
a nocturnal crisis
you seem to speak:
This fire there
neither consumes nor spreads
but keeps the home aglow.

We know
our grouse this time
is something else.

PATTU. M. BHOOPATHI

Gulmohar

Earth's passions
poured
in bridal blooms
of Summer's sun-kissed lips.
Brunette buds
sizzling
in Champagne leaves,
Flames leaping from cloistered urge.
Marvellous,
The aching urge
missing
Spring's innocent smile
by breath of fresh nakedness
Or else
The fire
that
lights the soul
would be ashes in the wine,
Such is perfection, this sequence in Time!

ARUNA JETHWANI

Hospital

A fan turns lazily in the white
Rectangle of ceiling. Anxious voices
Edge themselves into my sleep-furred
Hearing. Anxious people throng
The bedside. The brittle air
Is splintered with questions.
Galloping waves of nausea
Pinpoint a needle-jabbed centre
Of pain. Beyond the square
Of green-curtained window
A bird hangs upside down
In a harsh sky. Everything
Is hot to touch. Black caverns
Of near-sleep tempt weariness
But one sharp tentacle of memory
Probes the aching consciousness,
Exposing forgotten identity.
I know I am not dead.
I am a wife. And mother.

GITA KRISHNAMURTHY

Don't Just Stand There . . .

Don't just stand there, man,
go cut yourself a chunk
of mist
there's plenty for everyone
(the national income's risen by 2.8%)
then wash it down
with a drop of rain
and you'll dream dreams
the sky a frozen blue
shrivelled cotton scarecrow
with out-of-place cloud-muscles
and a building
lumbering
clumsily upward
to paw the grumbling sun
and the littlest greenblade
swishing with sword ferocity
at a timid yellow-petalled cockroach
and everyone standing
on each other's lies ('climb every mountain')
with a shower of parrot feathers
masking each vacuous grin
and each shiver a cruel needle
gouging out the eyes

stand up and welcome the grey morning

TEJASWINI NIRANJANA

No Exit

He stood up
when the morning colour chasing its own tail
bit the powdery squares
of pavement
and the sun snuggled
into his thin cloth blanket
and the squares stretched
themselves and wrapped
themselves around him
and squeezed
but he was like the eel
in the toothpaste tube
and he ran on to the
damp grass with which

the sun was alchemizing
and dropped off to sleep again
but the blades slashed him
into thin slivers
and threw them
into the mosspond
for the tadpoles to play with

TEJASWINI NIRANJANA

On Teaching

Layer by layer—
sometimes
I peel off
Twenty-five winters
of accumulated sham:
and childlike
Plunge in their
innocence.

Often
I envy . . .
The clarity of ten-year-olds.

I give them spit and polish
Parrot-like they recite
page by page.

In return
I gather in my arms
The summer breeze
And hope to use it;
In the lean years.

MINI NARAYAN

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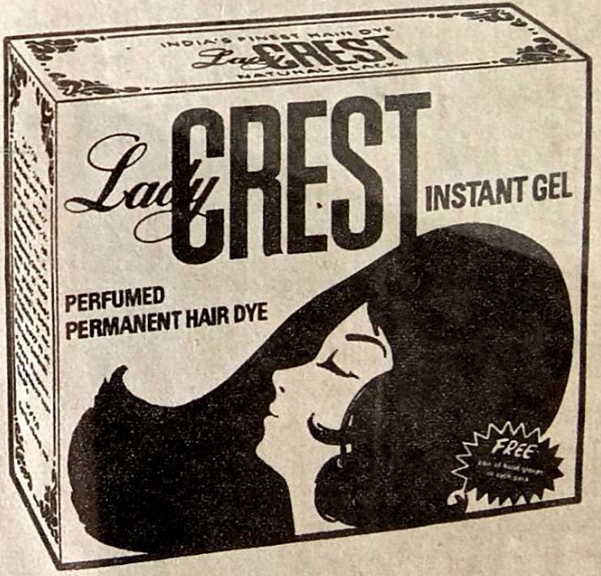
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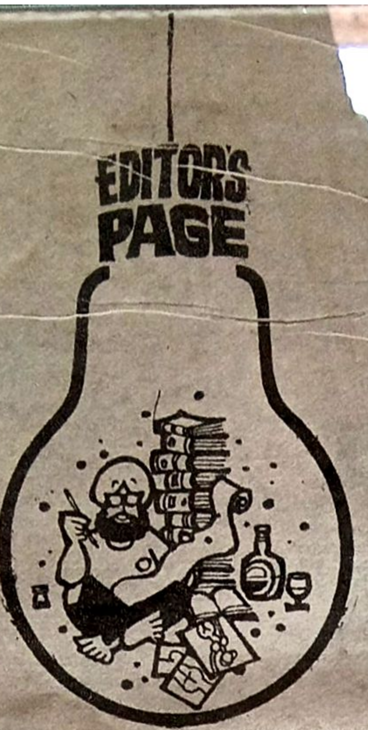

Judge Madon

"IT was deliberate; our press has a strong pro-Hindu, anti-Muslim bias," remarked a friend on the way our newspapers had reported the findings of Justice D. P. Madon on the communal riots at Bhiwandi, Jalgaon and Mahad in Maharashtra. The report was released on the afternoon of May 9; it consists of six sizable volumes of which even the summary runs to about 200 pages of close print. Obviously none of the pressmen assigned to cover it had the time to go through these volumes or even the summary. They accepted whatever was dished out to them by some Government PRO because their reports were identical to the effect that Justice Madon had spared no community, political party, police or the administration. This is a gross mis-summary of 3½ years of carefully sifted evidence presented before the Commission.

Justice Madon has placed the blame for the communal riots primarily on the Hindus and Hindu political organisations like the Bharatiya Jana Sangh, the Rashtriya Utsav Mandal and the Shiv Sena. He has clearly stated that in every case the initiative for fomenting the trouble was Hindu, the Muslim responsibility was "limited", secondary and usually in self-defence, that many senior officers of the Maharashtra Police whom he names disgraced their uniforms and their calling by showing pro-Hindu bias and went to the extent of beating Muslim prisoners, depriving them of food and water (given to Hindu prisoners) and keeping them out in the scorching sun. Although the Muslims were the victims (of the 121 killed, well over 100 were Muslims; of the property destroyed or looted, 90 per cent belonged to the Muslims), the vast majority of those arrested were Muslims.

There are many interesting features of the Madon Report. It reveals that a Home Ministry's circular giving instructions on how to deal with communal riots assumes, as do most non-Muslims, that it is the Muslims who create communal tensions. The experience of Bhiwandi, Jalgaon and Mahad knocks this falsehood squarely on the head. The Muslims of these areas did their best to accommodate Hindu sentiment, in Mahad they voluntarily gave away land which had become a bone of contention. The Hindu political parties proved more obdurate. Judge Madon also hints that Mr Naik's administration had some sort of secret deal with Shiv Sena chief Bal Thackeray by which orders forbidding him to enter Mahad were suddenly withdrawn. Some Marathi writers, notably the playwright P. B. Bhave, played a shameful role in inflaming Hindu communal passions.

The new Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Mr S. B. Chavan, has shown great courage in accepting the Report with all its recommendations. Justice Madon deserves equal praise for fearlessly affixing the blame where it belongs. In the last part of his Report, he becomes lyrical, quoting Will Durant, Toynbee, T. S. Eliot and Robert Burns. He sums up his enquiry in the following words:

"It was a lonely, arduous and weary journey through a land of hatred and violence, of prejudice and perjury. The encounters on the way were with men without compassion, lusting for the blood of their fellow men, with politicians who trafficked in communal hatred and religious fanaticism, with local leaders who sought power by sowing disunity and bitterness, with police officers and policemen who were unworthy of their uniform, with investigating officers without honour and without scruples, with men committed to falsehood and wedded to fraud and with dealers in mayhem and murder."

JUSTICE D. P. MADON

Seeing Myself

I NEVER object to anyone calling me names or making fun of me. I believe in Burn's dictum to "see ourselves as others see us". Many of my readers see me as a name-dropper and a poseur. P. S. Ranganathan of New Delhi has parodied what he thinks I would have written on the deaths of Tagore, Marilyn Monroe and Karl Marx. The obit on the poet reads as follows:

"It was a rainy Sunday morning when I had the opportunity to meet the Nobel Prize-winner. Tagore was at a seaside resort in Switzerland, the charming landlocked country of Europe. I was just returning after a two-month holiday-cum-research tour of Polynesia, Hawaii and Las Vegas. I was working on a novel for my publishers, Tom, Dick and Harry, London. This novel was also to be published in America by Fung, Wag and Kneel Inc, New York.

"I had earlier phoned Tagore for an appointment. 'Sunday, 7.30. Will it suit you?' he asked in a clear voice. 'Oh anything will suit me except my suits stitched in India,' I said. There was hearty laughter at the other end of the phone. Surely, Tagore was a man with a high sense of humour!

"When I went on the appointed day, I was slightly late—to be exact, by about 8 hours. Tagore received me at the porch and offered me *nimbu-de joiuce*, a delicious drink (certainly I did not expect the poet to offer me Scotch). For the next forty minutes we discussed the current literary trends. I was then vaguely planning a novel, later to be titled *A Train to Pakistan* (published by Hind Pocket Books or Orient Paperbacks or Pearl Publications. I don't exactly remember the name of the publisher, which is not quite material. The book is priced at Rs 4, which is quite material).

"Tagore asked me what I was doing. 'Nothing of importance,' I said. 'Oh, you Sardarjis are modest to a fault. With your remarkable talent, whatever you do will be important and will certainly make a great impact on the minds of intellectuals. Now, since we are alone, I can tell you this. Your writings are quite outstanding and you are sure to be awarded the Nobel Prize.'

"Tagore was a great soul with a great heart. He is gone. I only wish that his statement comes true."

About Miss Monroe, the parody reads as follows:

"Marilyn had a soft corner for me. It was just by chance I was seated next to her in a Pan-Am jet from New York to London. 'Mr Khushwant, I presume. I am Marilyn Monroe,' she introduced herself. 'Your name is familiar. But I am unable to place you,' I said hesitatingly. 'You must have seen a naked picture of a Hollywood actress in *Life*. It was mine,' she said. Then I remembered."

And Karl Marx:

"An outstanding thinker and a remarkable writer who was fascinated by my writings. In fact he told a common friend of ours —why should I withhold his name, he was Winston Churchill—well, Marx was telling Winston that he was keen to translate my novel into Russian. Winny—that was how I used to address him—later told me this when we met at Buckingham Palace for a party. I was thrilled by this piece of news but I had to politely decline the offer since another friend of mine was already at the job. If my readers would not say I am dropping names, I can say that the friend was no other person than Tolstoy.

"This is what one 'K' can write about another 'K' in this moment of great anguish."

If this be the truth about me, it is time for me to take an overdose of barbiturates.

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INDIA — 2001 ODYSSEY

by JAMILA VERGHESE

Your popular brand of soap will still be washing your clothes "clean and bright".

Dramatis Personnae: Ma—past her prime. She lives for her family.
Ram—her son.
Pa—Man of the house. Determined to make the best of a difficult situation.
Neighbours on the Lost Land of India.

The curtain rises revealing the living room of a well-to-do house in New New Delhi. There are no trimmings and no furniture. Ma is plastering the walls with cow-dung. Above her head a cloth *punkah* creaks dismally as it is pulled rhythmically by a little man who dozes fitfully. Ma sighs and straightens her aching back. as Ram enters excitedly waving a wooden slate in his hand.

Ram: Ma! Just look! I've come first in economics again. See, here's my certificate of merit from the University!

Ma: *(proudly)* Let me see, dear. Here, quick! While the wall is still wet, press it on right here—next to your Higher Secondary results, otherwise the impression will be lost. *(They set to work enthusiastically transferring the certificate to the wall.)* Won't I be the proud mother! *(Looking back to admire the effect.)* No one else in New New Delhi has a wall as full as mine, I'll bet; but then no one has such a clever son!

Ram: *(smiling)* Ma, I'm hungry. What's there to eat?

Ma: *(returning from kitchen)* Here, dear, I made some soya cake for you with the greatest difficulty. The *gobar* gas plant stopped functioning since I had to loan the cows to Mrs Varma for the past week, as her plant gave out. You know how difficult it is these days. It's hard enough to keep five cows in the house to keep the plant working; and with your father constantly using the two bullocks for going to office in the cart, can you imagine all that wastage on the roads? *He Ram!* Anyway, darling, I knew you'd enjoy this cake... *(A cow ambles through the room.)* Now, Rani. You know this is no place for you. Come on... Into the bedroom with you!

Ram: *(eating... a faraway look in his eye)* Ma, do you remember the days when there was paper in New New Delhi? Do you remember what it looked like? So often I think of those stories you used to tell me about your childhood when you lived in rooms that had wires inside the walls and a little button that you pressed and, suddenly, it would become very bright; and when you pressed another, a breeze would start blowing all round you?... And the sun, Ma... You remember? It must have been so magical living beneath it, instead of above it like we do now.

Ma: *(brushing away a tear)* It's no use talking about those days, darling. Life is as we live it now in New New Delhi. Reality is living in our inflated country floating high above the clouds. Reality is *gobar* gas, wooden slates, *dak* runners... Those were the days when we had morning papers, running hot and cold water, trains, buses, correspondence... *(she continues in a crescendo of emotion)* contact between countries, cinemas, ice-cream, fruits, appliances, washing soap... *(she breaks down)*... Soap!

Ram: *(kissing her)* Never mind, Ma. You still have your house and field. Even after the Great Inflation, you told me, when the whole country was ruined and everyone died or fell off as India rocketed above the sky, you stuck to your house and bred the cattle and ploughed the field, and I owe everything to you and Pa. So don't cry! *(Re-enter Rani. She stands near Ma, nuzzling her companionably. Ma controls herself with an effort and puts her arms around Rani.)*

Ma: I'm so ungrateful, Rani. You and the other cattle. Whatever would I do without you? *(A bullock-cart draws up off stage.)* There! That will be Pa back from work and I've been moaning about old times again! I'd better run and draw water from the well. He'll be needing a bath.

(Exit Ma. Enter Pa—a self-made man, exuding confidence in his own and his son's destiny).

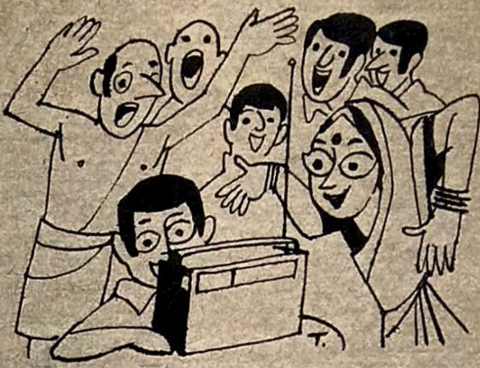
Pa: *(looking at wall)* Well, Ram, I see you have done excellently well as usual! Good! If you keep this up, you may yet get a job as the town-crier. In fact, Mr Gupta was asking me the other day— strictly between us, of course—how you would fancy following in your father's footsteps. It's a lucrative job. Not much news to call every day—thanks to no power and no contact with foreign countries. Three bulletins a day and you are a made man! What do you say?

Ma: *(re-entering)* There you are, I've drawn your water. The mud-cake is by the tub. You'd better hurry if you want to eat and be ready to call the news by two. I see the neighbours are gathering already.

(Pa smiles at his efficient wife and goes off right to bathe.)

A strange roar is heard. It begins as a low hum and gradually reaches a screaming climax. Ram and Ma rush off stage left, as crowd noises and roar mingle in an ear-splitting screech.

Ram: *(rushing on stage screaming hysterically)* Pa! Pa! A black *plane*! A real live aeroplane just like in the Pre-Inflation Era! It pierced the cloud and shot up over us, Pa! And... and it's dropped this... this box... and someone inside it is speaking!... It's ... it's calling the news, Pa! Come quick! Pa! Pa!



Pa: *(running on stage wrapped hurriedly in a loin-cloth)* What's all the fuss about? Calling the news? Who is calling the news? Take my job, would he...? I'll damn well skin the... Wh ...What's this? *Hare Ram! A transistor!* A real live *transistor*! Just like when I was a child! *(He kneels before the transistor, weeping like a child).*

Ma: *(skipping in like a young girl, giggling)* It's calling the news! The transsistor is calling the news!

Neighbours: *(rushing in, looking at the transistor with awe)* Listen to the box—calling the news! *(Some stand respectfully before it, some kneel. as the transistor broadcasts the news)*

Voice of news reader:
Several reconnaissance missions under the lost land of India have so far recorded nothing. This morning Flight Commander Jupiter, however, claimed his instruments registered faint signals coming from over Inflation Cloud 101... Here is a flash—The Intrepid has successfully pierced Inflation Cloud 101 and has established contact with the lost people and civilisation of India—which, along with several countries, lost its moorings in the mid-seventies—and has since floated several light-years above Free Earth. President Zimbal II has just sent a message to Free Earth Patrol to use all cloud-removal equipment available to tow the people of India back to their niche in Free Earth. *(Noise of many planes drowns the transistor. Neighbours and Ram run off stage.)*

Ram: *(Shouting off stage)* Pa! Ma! We're going down! The sun! I can see it! It's rising above us now! It's beautiful! Pa!

(Pa and Ma stand frozen in the centre of the stage. Then, suddenly electrified, run off left).

Noises of planes and people get gradually softer, as the transistor sings in an empty stage:

Surf washes clean and bright! Clothes whiter than the light... Wash with Surf!

(Curtain)

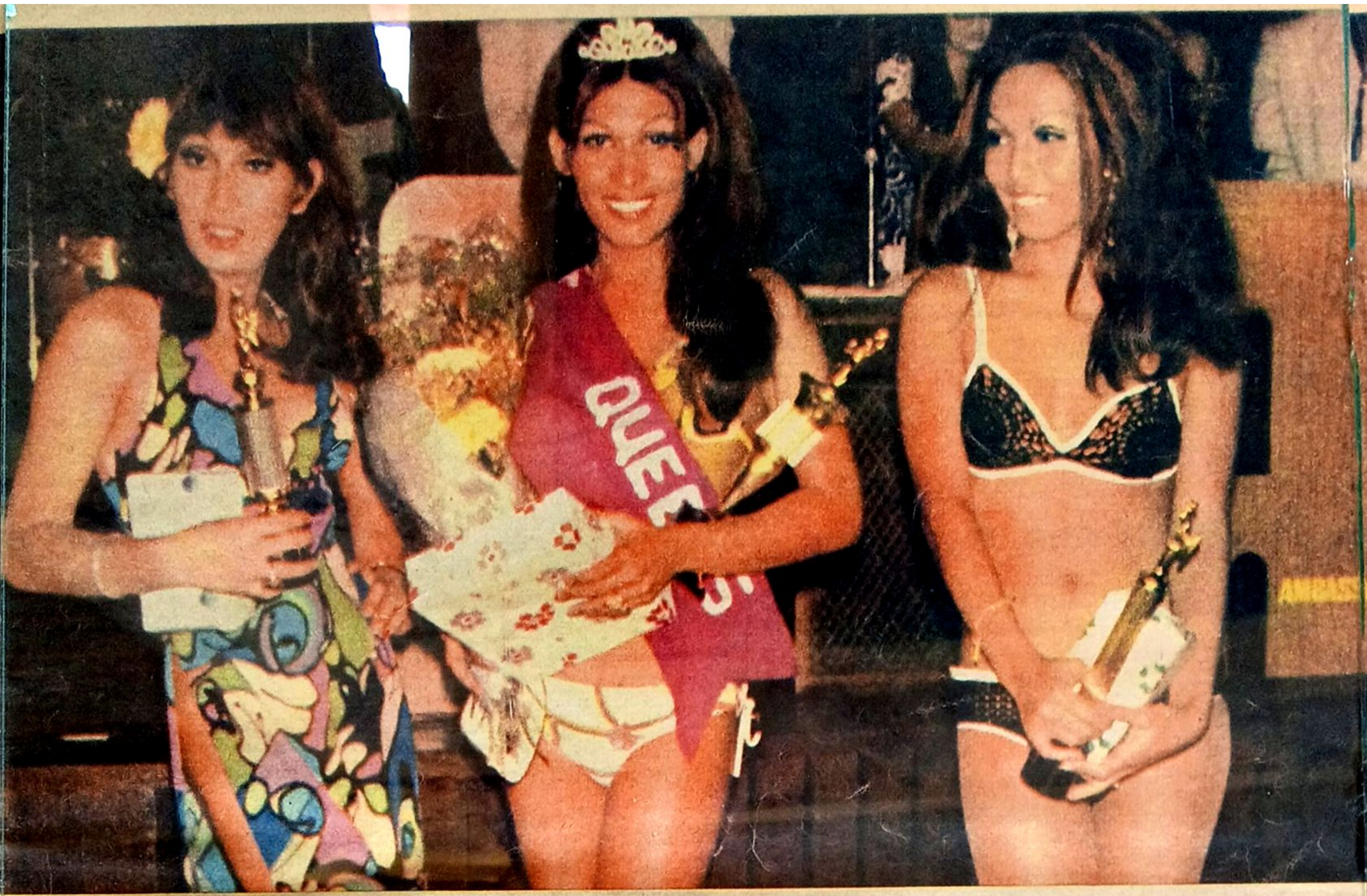
WITH "BEAUTIES" LIKE THESE, Singapore is fast catching up with Bangkok and Tokyo as the "Playground of Asia".

Singapore's "Fairy" Land

Singapore's Bugis Street is like any other street during the day—with the smell of cooking noodles and meat and cycle rickshaws winding their way through the traffic. But after sunset . . .

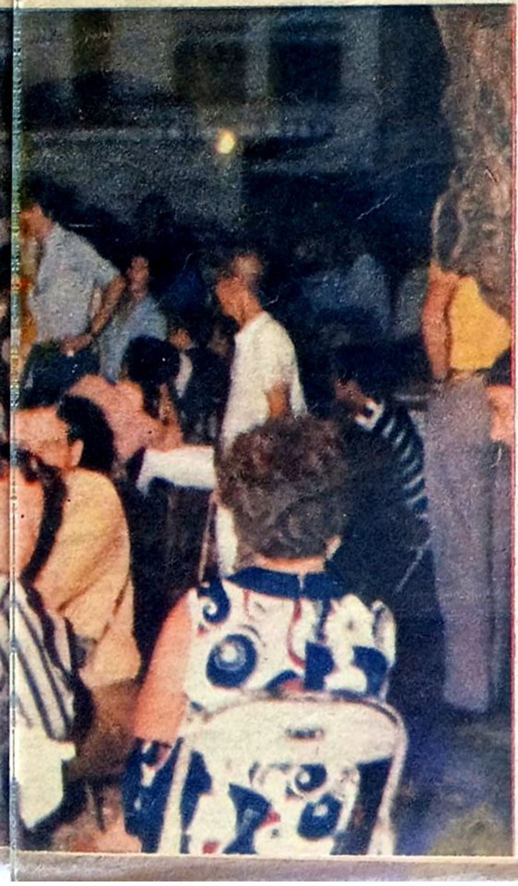
SINGAPORE'S Bugis Street is no different from any other busy thoroughfare. Luxuriously air-conditioned limousines glide along the narrow street flanked by music and foodshops. The smell of hot pork fat and noodles and a variety of meats frying in it rises slowly, heavily, in the humid air and settles like a fog on the pavements. Keen buyers of pop-music cassettes stand outside shops, haggling over prices, while listening to the music through earphones. Cycle-rickshaws, pulled by weary perspiring Chinese coolies, weave their way through this confusion.

But come midnight and Bugis Street changes into a "Fairy" Land. Gone is the busy honking traffic. All across the street are tables laid under bright lights. Beer glasses clink as bottle after bottle is opened and the merriment of sailors and tourists is expressed in loud laughter.



PRETTY PARADE. Some of Asia's most beautiful girls come from Singapore. The boys, however, are not far behind.

FROM BIRTHDAY SUITS TO COATTAILS. Anything goes in the nightclubs of Bugis Street. The Singapore Government, which has passed stringent morality laws, turns a blind eye to the goings-on here.



The city state of Singapore sits smugly on the tip of the Malaysian peninsula which juts out into the Indian ocean. A proud clean city, it has stringent laws about obscenity and nightclub cabarets. But Singapore's Government has consistently turned a blind eye to the magic world of Bugis Street with its exposed panties and popping bosoms.

Bugis Street, with its highly painted transvestites, sexy prostitutes and homosexuals, is a big draw for sailors looking for entertainment and for tourists who are looking for a night's binge. They sit here at shaky little tables, sipping beer or soft drinks, and overhear the most blatant bargaining for sexual pleasures.

Bugis Street is now as much an institution as a tourist attraction of Singapore.

A Haunt For Sailors

Way back, it started off as a haunt for sailors who gathered here to drink and seek sexual satisfaction from young effeminate boys. Today these young men strut around exquisitely made up in the sexiest of revealing clothes. Stories are told about how hard they work to achieve their feminine figures. Exercises, diet, hormone and silicone injecttions go into the creation of smooth shapely legs, slim waists and eye-catching bosoms. Some among them have psychiatric treatment for months, after which they go through sex-change operations and become complete women except that they cannot conceive.

The beer joints and bars in Bugis Street pay them attractive sums to parade in front of the shops to attract a larger clientele.

Among the transvestites in Bugis Street are also some Indian *hijras* in saris and "Oriental" make-up. Most of them are happy to join groups of tourists and pour out the story of their "operation", or their yearning to be women. Almost all of them claim to be "nice women" with interesting tales to tell.

In years past, the sailors who frequented Bugis Street drank a great deal and often stripped completely in full view of the tourists. This has now been prohibited. But bosoms of every size and shape are on view; so are thighs as microminis rise way above shapely bottoms and frilled panties.

Once a year, the transvestites arrange a beauty contest and the winners often are more shapely and more beautiful than the bewitching girls who win the world's most celebrated beauty contests.

V. P.

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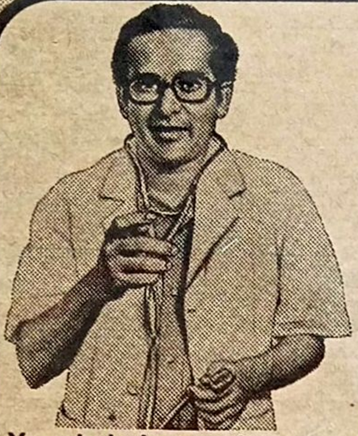

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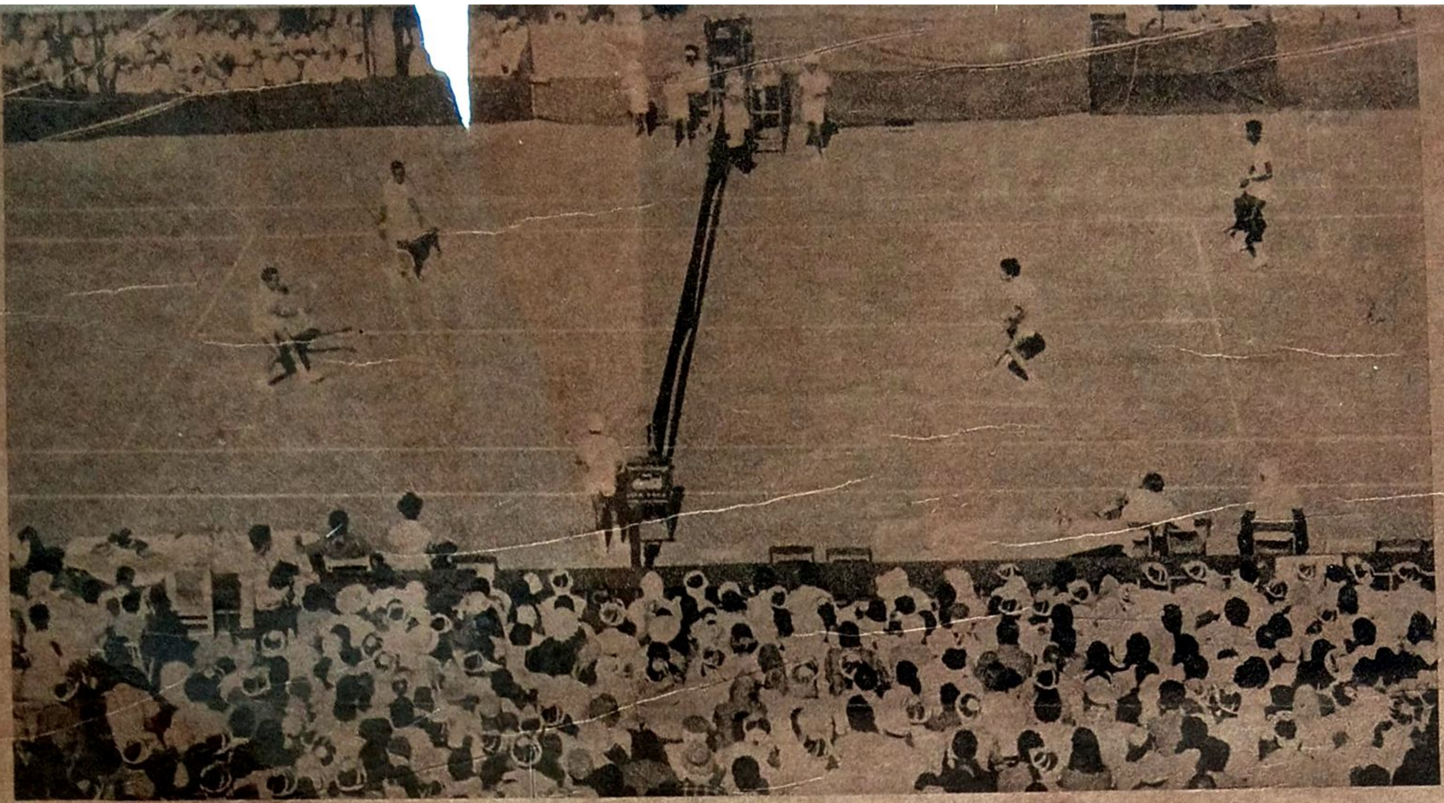

Let's Run Tennis As A Business

How can we make the National Plan for Tennis work? Like Krishnan, play every tournament, get the champions of yesteryear to train the rising stars.

by NARESH KUMAR

DURING the past few years, the placid world of lawn tennis has been buffeted by the turbulent winds of confrontation between the International Lawn Tennis Association, the Association of Tennis Professionals, militant Women Libbers and a number of rich promoters. The ballyhoo and gimmickry of modern promotion; the Riggs-Billie Jean match; the $100,000 winner-take-all match between Connors and Laver; and, recently, the million-dollar match between Connors and Newcombe have added a bewildering note for tennis watchers all over the world. If India is to retain its prominent position in world tennis, some immediate steps have to be taken, as it might already be too late.

The challenge can only be taken up if we can produce dozens of top-class tennis players like the Amritraj Brothers—for even super tennis administration can do nothing without top-class players. Any tennis system, therefore, must primarily be geared to producing scores of players. In short, this requires plenty of tennis courts, cheap equipment, a system to spot talent and thereafter develop it.

Any plan, therefore, has to start with a schedule of

(a) *Reviving courts that have gone out of use*

(b) *Building new courts in clubs and public parks*

A group of experts should study and standardise the type of courts most suitable for different zones in India, bearing in mind that they should have a fairly fast surface playable all the year round with low maintenance costs. Advice and knowhow must be made available freely to clubs or other institutions.

Cheap public courts are a must. So far, tennis has been largely confined to a privileged affluent few who can afford clubs. These satiated types play tennis more as a social symbol and rarely produce champions. We must get hungry youngsters who know that they just have to make good and are willing to stake everything in an effort to get to the rewarding top.

The State Associations should list the number of courts in affiliated/non-affiliated clubs and the number of players playing actively, divided into the age-groups. Special stress must be given to schools and colleges (this is sadly neglected now) and the potential in each State gauged, bearing in mind the facilities that can be made available considering the financial constraints that may be there.

Based on the potential available, the country should be divided into four or more Zones. Each Zone thereafter should be placed under a Head Coach who, assisted by junior coaches, will organise the coaching in consultation with the State Associations.

Pay Them Well

Where are the coaches? Ever since I was a junior, there seems to be a constant search for foreign coaches. The word "foreign", sadly, still has a magic about it. We must remove our colonial glasses and give the talent we have in our country a chance of making a good living by being a coach.

The foreign coach comes and leaves after a few months, collecting his fares and a large sum of money, and the coaching schemes soon slip back to their slumbering ways. Why can't our stars of yesteryear be offered jobs as coaches commensurate with their living standards? They should become well-paid professionals who, apart from coaching, should be taught to help administrate the game.

The peerless Ghaus Mohamed languishes in the Physical Education Department of a Southern University. Krishnan, Premjit Lall, Jaidip Mukerjea, with years of international experience, must be roped in and compensated adequately for the time they devote to coaching. Akthar Ali, one of the very few dedicated coaches available to Indian Tennis, is constantly being flooded by offers from abroad and it will be difficult to blame him if he calls it a day with the pittance (as compared to coaches abroad) he receives as salary.

Why can't a realistic offer be made to Lall and Mukerjea commensurate with what they can get from a mercantile firm? Apart from basic coaching, they are still good enough for a number of years to give top-class practice and valuable advice to our promising youngsters. A foreign coach of their calibre would cost twice or thrice as much. Jasjit Singh, for instance, is coaching in the States, apart from playing professionally—maybe he could be interested, provided a reasonable offer is made. An all-out drive to get good players to coach would eventually pay hands down.

Now assuming that these Coaching Centres start functioning and a large number of budding youngsters are found. After learning the basics of the game, they require plenty of tournaments and competitive matches. Inter-school, inter-college, inter-varsity, inter-district, inter-state, inter-zone matches must be organised. Instead of one annual coaching camp, there should be more frequent Zonal Camps.

From all this competitive play should emerge a dozen or more talented youngsters who should be formed into a junior Davis Cup squad. They should be made to play the

—Continued

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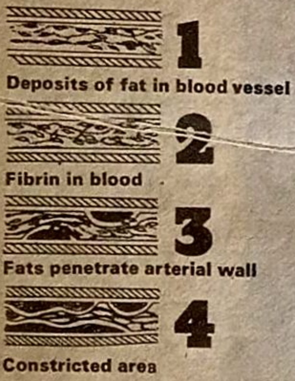

Fig. 1. It shows stages in progression from latent coronary disease leading to heart attack. The high circulating blood fats (A) get deposited on the wall of the blood vessel. Blood constituents like platelets and other proteinous material are also deposited leading to hardening of the blood vessel (B). This leads to constriction of the arterial wall (C) and sluggish blood flow. This can be detected by recording exercise electrocardiogram which unmasks the reduced blood supply to the heart muscle (Fig. 2). Ultimately clot formation occurs (D). This leads to stoppage of blood supply to that portion of the heart muscles leading to heart attack (Fig. 3).

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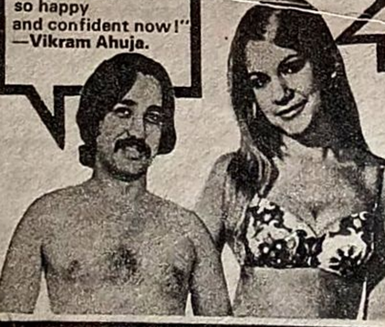

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—Elizabeth Lobo.

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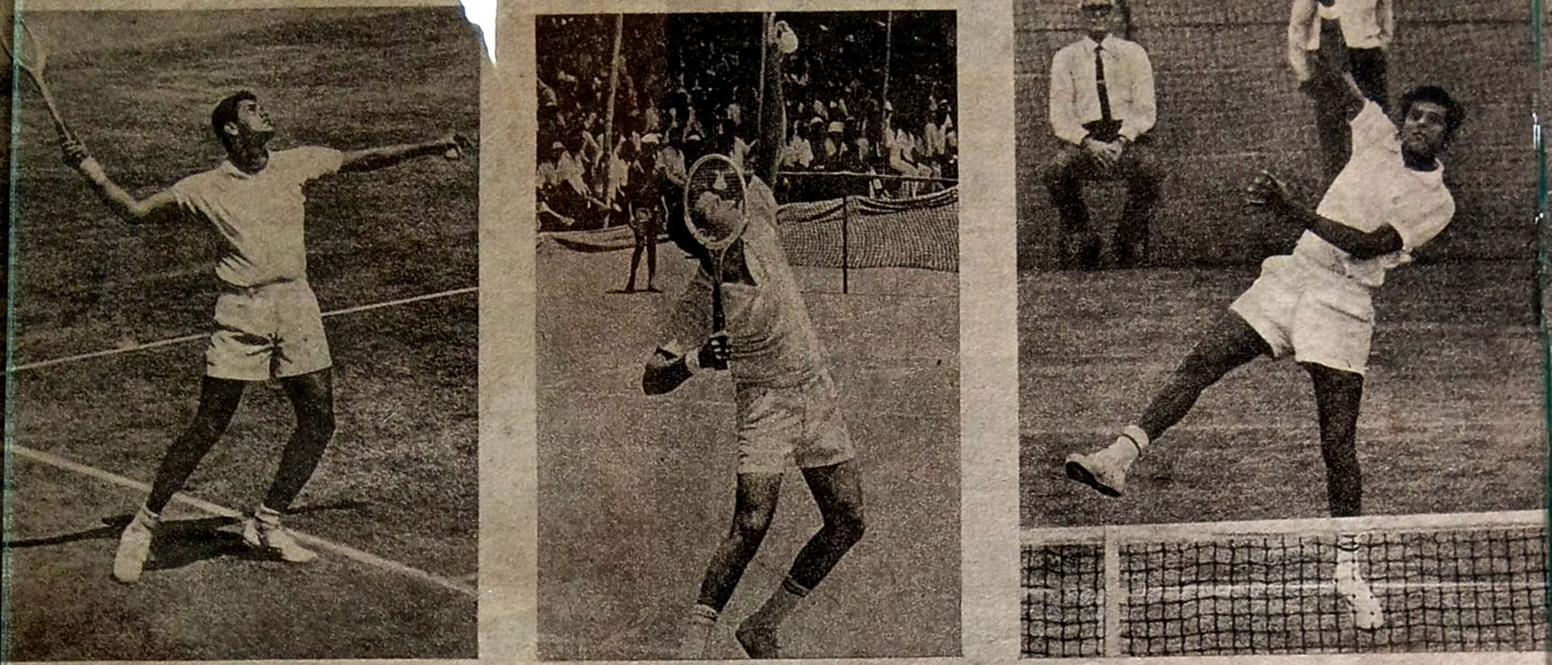

KRISHNAN, LALL AND MUKERJEA. Krishnan set an example by playing every major tournament every season in every city of India. Lall and Mukerjea, though past their prime, are good enough to demand the best of top-class players and could give valuable advice to our youngsters.

entire tournament circuit. In Davis Cup matches, these youngsters should get together with the senior team and help them prepare for the tie. This will give them first-hand experience of Davis Cup play and a fortnight's top-class practice under strict supervision. No junior squad was called or available at any of our Davis Cup matches last year.

The demanding schedule of world tennis as also the big money will naturally make our top-class players reluctant to play in India. This will kill tennis in India and we have to organise a tournament circuit with generous commercial sponsors so that our top players can play a few months at home and not lose heavily in the bargain. With a restricted playing life of about 12 to 15 years, the players naturally try to earn the maximum possible during this period.

The tournaments in the big cities should be made into 3-4-day week-end affairs with a restricted entry (except in the Nationals). The promising locals can be put in the draw after qualifying rounds and then take on the stars. The first 2-3 days of the week should be confined to exhibition matches played on a League system in nearby smaller towns after the players are split into two or more groups, with two juniors in each group. For instance, for a tournament in Delhi, the groups would play in Agra, Aligarh, Dehra Dun, Ghaziabad or other suitable places on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday (none of these places has seen a good tennis match for years now) and converge in Delhi on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. This will have a three-pronged effect:

(a) The main travel and expenses will be borne by the big cities while they will save on expenses due to reduced hospitality (the players being put up only for 3-4 days instead of 7-8 days, and there will not be any loss in the collections as all the gate money is invariably collected in the semifinal and final stages.

(b) The small towns will be able to see top-class tennis at relatively little cost and a lot of interest will be generated.

(c) The players can pick up some additional cash. There are hundreds of tennis-starved cities in India. All these cities should be listed and a package deal offered to them for the matches. This will require a lot of organisation but it is certainly possible.

To my mind, Krishnan's greatest contribution to Indian Tennis was not getting into the Wimbledon semifinals or taking India to the Challenge Round but the fact that he played tennis in every nook and corner of India all through the season. Even Ghaus Mohamed, I remember, played tournament after tournament all over India. But things were different in the old days and, if we want our top players to play all over India, we should make it worth their while—this is only possible by top-class promotion and generous commercial sponsors.

High Price of Tickets

All the good Davis Cup matches I have seen in the last few years generated a feverish enthusiasm. I felt sad for those students who were unable to afford the highly priced tickets. In Calcutta and Lucknow, many of them were perched precariously on adjoining rooftops. Owing to the restricted accommodation, the heavy cost of constructing temporary stands and the large premiums payable to the AILTA, one cannot blame the organisers for this. If we had a scheme to build tennis stadiums (one in each Zone to start with), by now they might well have been nearly paid for, if one takes into account the huge amounts spent on constructing temporary stands.

True, building and raising funds for stadiums is easier said than done, but vigorous efforts at Government level must be made. Possibly the stadiums could also be used for volleyball, basketball, *kabaddi* and other games. A combined effort with these games could be made on the basis of which a suitable stadium design is standardised. The proposed stadium at Bangalore is a good beginning and one hopes other States will soon follow suit. The larger seating capacity of the stadiums will not only collect more gate money but create interest amongst the younger generation, who must be accommodated at the lowest possible prices—even at the cost of less profit.

India makes the cheapest tennis rackets and tennis guts in the world, while other equipment, such as nets, etc, are also very cheap compared to world prices. The felt required for covering the tennis-ball is the one thing we have not produced so far and it has to be imported. If we can launch a space satellite, our scientists can certainly produce a suitable felt for covering tennis-balls. This would help reduce the price of tennis-balls as the technical knowhow to produce them acceptable to international standards already exists in India.

I have covered most of the basic points with the exception of the administration of the game. The honorary workers may have rendered great service to the game but the time has come when lawn tennis should be run as a business by paid specialised professionals. Top-class organisation and promotion, which is imperative considering the huge sums of money involved, can be done much better by qualified full-time staff as compared to honorary workers who have their own jobs to look after as well. Tennis promotion is now at par with world heavyweight title fights and we in India seem to be hopelessly left behind as the modern world of tennis whizzes by.

What I have chalked out is by no means a perfect plan. It is merely an effort to put down some of the steps which, to my mind, would provide conditions for tennis to flourish in India. A National Plan for Tennis is a must. To draw this up, the Government should form a National Committee picked from the leading administrators of the game, current and ex-tennis players who would together forge a plan which could provide the guidelines of a National tennis policy.

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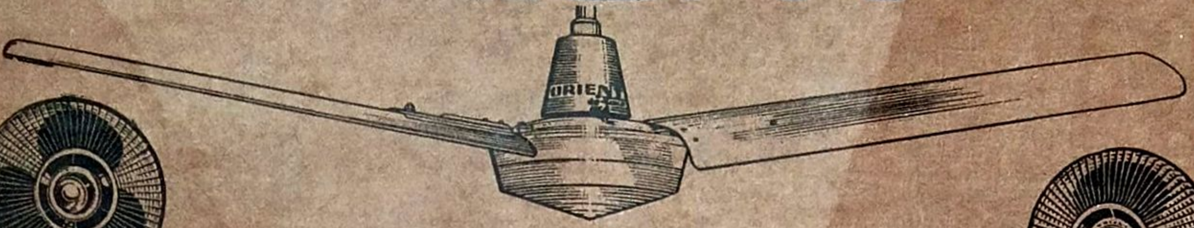

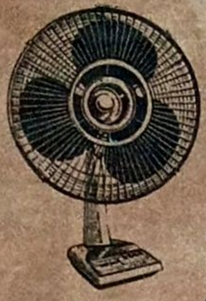

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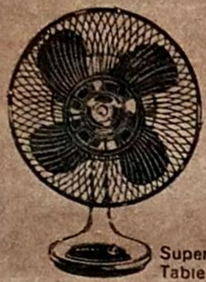

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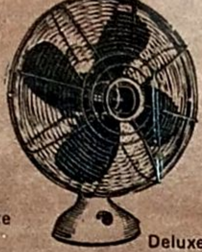

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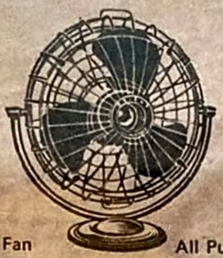

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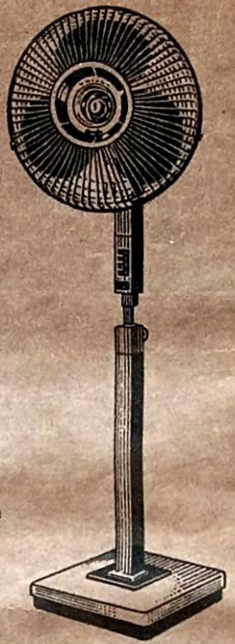

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ABT-1-74

A PARSON had just moved from London to the country. One morning he met a girl leading a frisky cow up the lane and asked her where she was taking the animal.

"To the bull," the girl replied.

"Shouldn't your father do that job?" asked the parson, eyeing the nervous cow anxiously.

"Oh, no!" replied the girl. "It's got to be a bull."

AN American in India was giving some illustrations of the size of his country. "You can board a train in the State of Texas at dawn," he said, impressively, "and, 24 hours later, you'll still be in Texas!"

"Yes," said one of his Indian listeners with feeling. "We've got trains like that here too."

AT dinner, she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them.

"Yes," she broke in, "and I am between two quacks."

LADY VISITOR: "And so your little baby brother can talk now, can he?"

Bobby: "Yes, he can say some words very well."

Lady visitor: "How nice! And what words are they?"

Bobby: "I don't know. I've never heard any of them before."

"IF I am the first girl you ever kissed, how is it you kiss so well?"

"If I am the first man you ever kissed, how do you know I kiss well?"

TWO ladies were discussing each other and their remarks were anything but complimentary. At last, one of them said: "You don't consider yourself a prize beauty, I hope!"

"No," replied the other, "I don't. And I must say your mother must have been very fond of children to have brought you up."

THE meek little man came up to the policeman on the street corner. "Excuse me, Constable," he said, "but I've been waiting here for my wife for over half an hour. Would you be kind enough to order me to move on?"

SALESMAN: "I've been trying all week to see you. May I have an appointment."

Big businessman: "Make a date with my Secretary."

Salesman: "I did, and we had a grand time, but I still want to see you."

"YOU ain't got no brains."

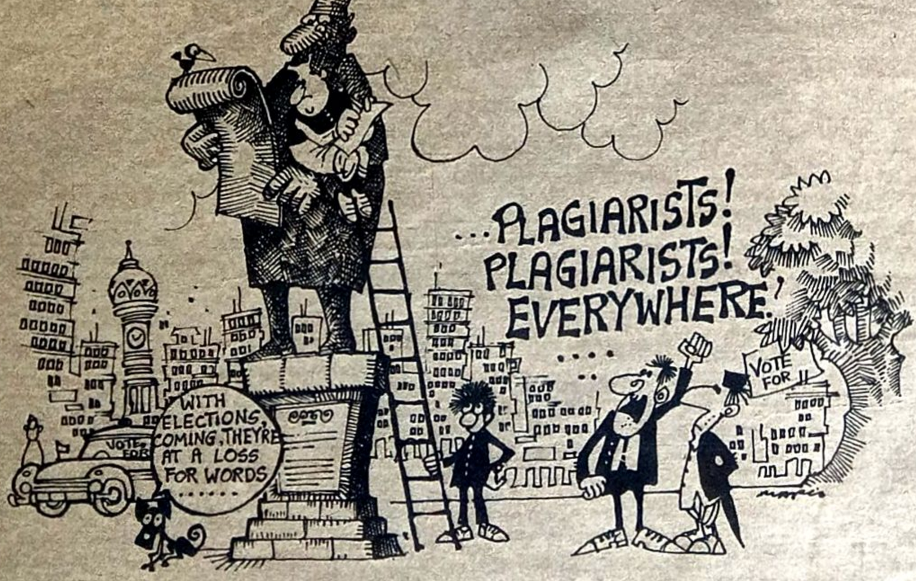
"Ain't got no brains? Why, man, ah got brains which ain't never been used."

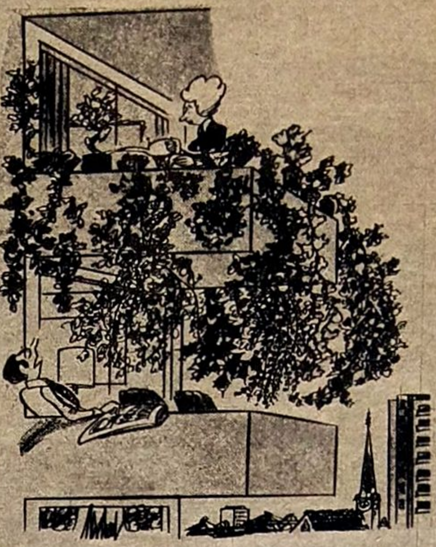
TEACHER: "Do you know, Rajiv, a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer?"

Rajiv: "That explains why I failed in my examinations, Sir!"

—R. Muthuswamy

This Week **by MARIO**





"You're violating my air space again!"
From "Punch"

The Lighter Side of Life

It took 1,00,000 labourers over thirty years to build the Great Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt some 4,600 years ago. With today's methods and using the latest building equipment, it has been estimated, it would take 405 workers six years to do the same job. The cost would be in the region of Rs 9,600 million, according to the estimate.

* * *

When West German senior citizen Frau Liesel Schneider was asked by a Cologne newspaper reporter if she had any wishes left unfulfilled at the age of 90, she told him: "Yes, I always wanted to sing in public but never had the courage—or the voice." The journalist arranged for her to make a disc in a recording studio and the old lady gagged her way through the studios as officials chaffed her and asked her when she would make the Hit Parade. Her voice was poor and her song hopeless—but a producer raved about the jokes she cracked during her visit and she is to make a recording of them to go out on a new radio programme.

* * *

A football tournament has been organised in Villeneuve-sur-Lot, France, with the participation of a teachers' team, a firemen's team, a civil servants' team and two teams made up of prisoners of the town's Central Prison. For this reason, all the games are played on the prison field. The present leaders are of the prison teams. Experts attribute their success to the support they get playing all their matches "at home".

* * *

A "new" disease has been diagnosed in West Germany, with the Bad Steban Sanatorium claiming to be the only place in the world to deal with it. It is "vegetal dystoney", involving depression, overtiredness and blood-circulation problems. The main sufferers are girls in their late teens who have "grown up too soon" and cannot cope with the physical and psychological problems brought on by trying to achieve too much too soon.

"Forum World"

Stud Farms for Fast Horses

Text and Photographs

by Y. UPENDRA

"RED INDIAN" IN MORNING LIGHT. This stallion is one of the most famous of our thoroughbreds. The greatest money-spinner on the Indian turf was Thunderstorm whose winnings totalled well over Rs 5 lakhs. The revenue earned by the State Governments as betting tax in the big racing circuits in Karnataka, Maharashtra, Bengal, Tamil Nadu and Andhra Pradesh is about Rs 2 crores in each State. Racing was abolished in Tamil Nadu from March 31. Race Club authorities in Madras pointed out that the Guindy Race Club, which is one of the most modern in the country with its closed-circuit television, equine hospital and analytical laboratory, would have to be closed down. The DMK's puritanical policy has meant a considerable loss of revenue to the State—from the banning of races and lottery and introduction of Prohibition.

Racing was introduced in India by the British Army. Today it has become a flourishing business attracting punters rich and poor. Races are held almost throughout the year. The sport has given an impetus to breeding.

THE thoroughbred racehorse, whose remote ancestor was a small hoofed quadruped about the size of a fox, is one of the most beautiful animals bred by man. By a careful process of selection through the history of horse racing spanning a period of 250 years, a noble animal has been fashioned. This has been accomplished by breeders from an original blend of the imported pure-bred Arabian and the so-called Turkish or Barbary sires and the English hybrid mares of the 17th century.

Thoroughbreds—from a literal translation of the Arabic *kehilan,* meaning "pure-bred throughout" or "carefully bred"—are magnificient horses, being the fastest of all equines. For long distances and hard work, the pure-bred Arab is still ideal but, as a racer, he is not good, because his stride is not long enough for speed.

It was the British Army that introduced organised racing into India. The first recorded meeting was in Madras in 1795, though it is possible racing took place before that time. The Army raced mainly "Arabs", but in 1847, when the Calcutta Turf Club was formed—it was sponsored by the East India Company—thoroughbreds were imported into the country for racing and breeding.

At the time of partition in 1947, the majority of stud farms that produced thoroughbreds for racing were on the other side of the border—in Pakistan. Since the keepers of the *Indian Stud Book*—the Royal Western India Turf Club—had their headquarters in Poona and the Indian classic races were first introduced in Western India, new studs were soon established around that town.

Tipu Sultan's Stud Farms

In 1960, the Government of India imposed restrictions on the import of foreign horses. This gave an impetus to breeding and many more stud farms were established in the country.

One of the earlier of these was at Kunigal, near Tumkur, started by Tipu Sultan to provide swift horses for warfare. In recent years, a number of stud farms have been established around Bangalore because of its suitable climate.

A horse that is of strong constitution, with good action and temperament, is bound to acquit himself well. These qualities are hereditary. A wise breeder, therefore, seeks the services of a stallion whose attributes are virility, strength and intelligence.

Racehorses require an extensive ground for exercise and plenty of water. It is generally accepted that horses do best in an area with limestone subsoil, since such land contains the required element of calcium needed for bones and tissue. In some stud farms in Karnataka, this is not possible, so they buy grass from Gundlupet near Mysore, which has lime subsoil.

A horse is fit to be entered for racing when it is two years old. (A foal becomes

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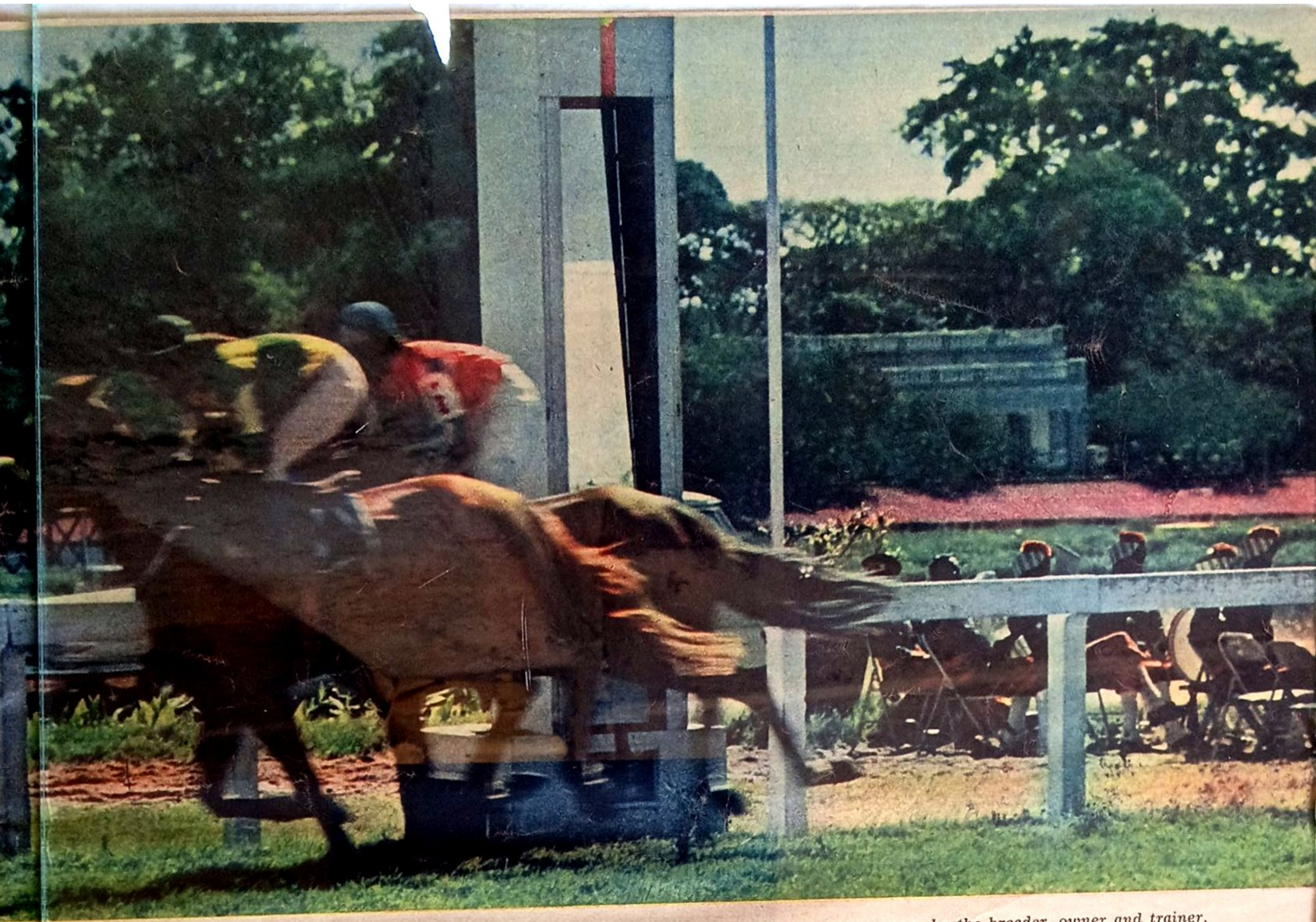
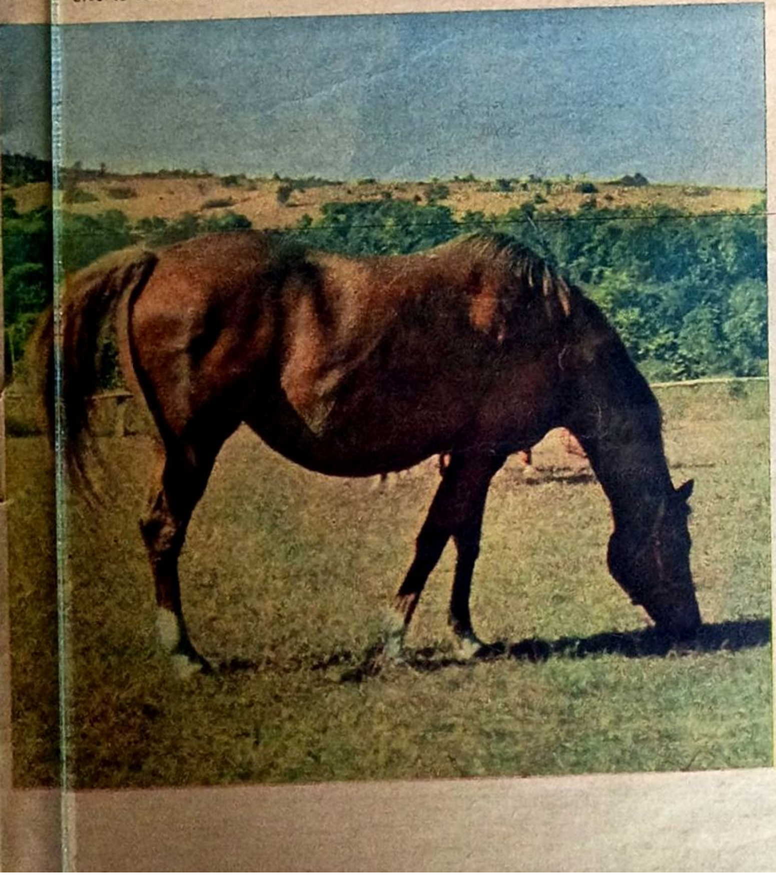
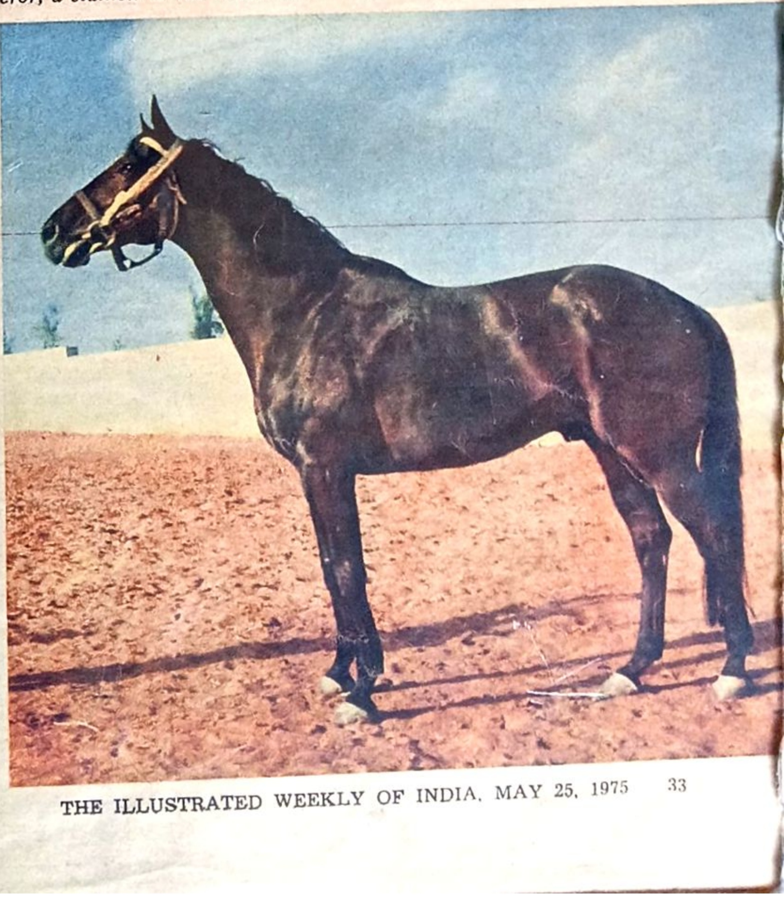
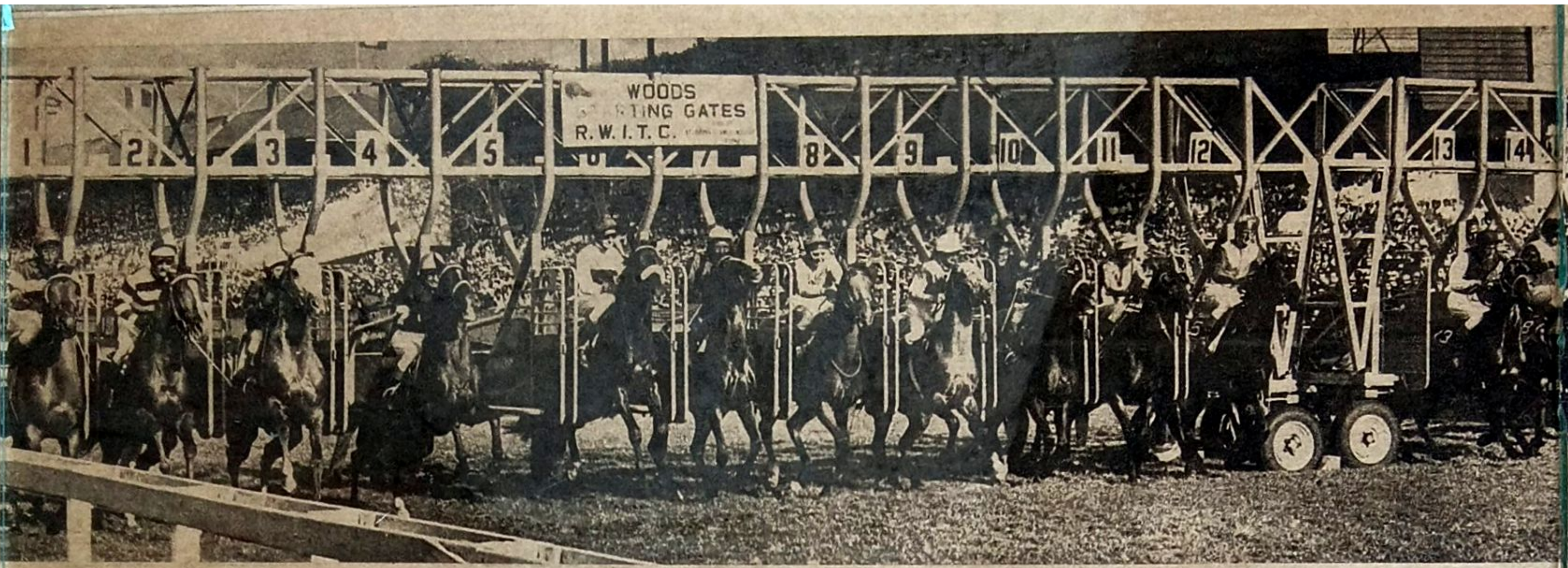


“HALF A CROWN” BREEZES IN AT THE BANGALORE RACES. *For all the planning that goes into a race by the breeder, owner and trainer, the man who holds the key to a win is the jockey. Below left: A pregnant mare. The mares are taken before a male horse known as the “teaser”. From the “stimulus” produced by the teaser’s attention, the breeder makes out whether the mare is ready for “marriage”. If she is fit, she is then mated with the stallion chosen for her. Below right: Mica Emperor, a stallion at the Jaggy Stud Farm.*



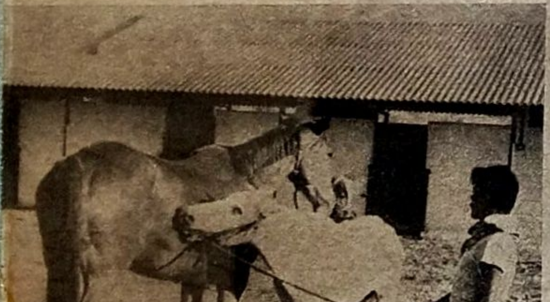




ALL SET FOR THE GALLOP TO QUICK FORTUNE. Derby Day at Mahalaxmi is the biggest attraction of the racing season in Bombay. Many veteran jockeys and tipsters do not believe that races are rigged—although trainers and jockeys do influence the result of the race.

officially one year old on the first day of January, following its birthday, even if in fact it is less than 12 months old. In the unfortunate event of a foal being born on December 31, it is officially a year old next day—an impossible handicap for the whole of its racing career. Hence the mating or the covering is always arranged between mid-February and June, ensuring that the foal will not be born earlier than January, as the gestation period is 333 days.

Horses are fed on expensive oats and a clover-like plant called *lucerne* in addition to hay and straw. The diet-chart of stallions and mares, pregnant mares and fillies and colts, are all carefully planned and additional vitamins and tonics are administered to keep them in excellent health. They are exercised daily, morning and evening, and the stud staff have to be long-distance walkers.



***A "TEASER" STIMULATES THE MARE.** Foals are generally born between 6 p.m. and 5 a.m. No chance of unattended foaling is permitted with the thoroughbred. The foals are always kept under close observation. Horses are fed on expensive oats and a clover-like plant called lucerne in addition to hay and straw. The diet-chart of stallions, mares, fillies and colts are planned very carefully.*

Illness may strike any time—a mare may get colic or a foal will show itself to be ill by "going off suck". When trouble arises and appears to be serious, a vet is called. A large quantity of veterinary medicines has to be stocked, as the studs are far away from cities and any delay in medication can have serious consequences.

The business of breeding thoroughbreds is a concern which involves round-the-clock vigil.

At six in the evening, you will find the stud groom, or one of the assistants, making his round, observing each animal on the farm. As he goes from box to box, he takes note of the condition of the mares, looking at each animal for signs that her time of labour may be near.

A close watch has to be kept on the new-born foals during their first three days of life. As dawn breaks, the main staff arrive and the ritual of the day begins.

The barren mares and those that have already foaled are taken, one by one, to the presence of a male horse known as the "teaser". The stimulus of the teaser's attention will cause the mare to show whether she is in oestrus—that is, ready for "marriage". The stud groom will note her reactions to the teaser—who is kept entirely for this purpose and not for mating—and from these decide if she is in a fit condition to be mated with the stallion chosen for her.

The covering fees for stallions are quite high (Rs 30,000) and are arranged on a "No Foal—No Fees" principle.

All scientific methods are utilised to ascertain if the mare is pregnant and great care is taken of pregnant mares. The foaling mare is treated with the same care and attention reserved for an expectant mother arriving at a private nursing home. Adequate diet and exercise are ensured.

The Derby Is Big Money

The Indian Derby run at Bombay's Mahalaxmi Racecourse is one of the most prestigious fixtures in the country's racing season. The finest horses spurt off on a 2,400-metre run to vie for the Blue Riband of the Indian Turf. The Bombay Derby is not as attractive as the Bangalore Derby, where the nation's richest race is run—the prize money for the winner in Bombay is Rs 1.10 lakhs while it is Rs 1.75 lakhs in Bangalore. Fortunes are made and lost in a matter of minutes. The biggest jackpot winner at Bombay was a Hindi film lyric writer, Rajendra Krishna, who scooped up Rs 48 lakhs three years ago.

The three most dramatic races of the Derby series were those won by Bucephalus in 1947, Rooklie in 1963 and Rose Royal in 1965. The Cinderella stories of the Derby are provided by Thunderstorm (1970) and Mansoor (1973). Both started the season in Class VA, when nobody even remotely believed they were potential winners—and both won handsomely, the latter clocking 2 min 34-2|5 sec, which is the record for the race. They are the only geldings to have won.

How many of the winners proved themselves to be great? Several, the most notable being Balam, which repeatedly outclassed fancied imported horses; Thunderstorm, the biggest stakes winner in the land with earnings of over Rs 5 lakhs; Star of Gwalior, which sired such excellent winners as Loyal Manzar, Loyal Prince and Glory of Andhra; and Prince Pradeep, who was an instant success at stud with such great winners as Bright Hanovar, Noor-e-Shiraz, Prince Blossom, Hydrofoil and Heliantha.

Next to the lucky few who make money during the racing season at Mahalaxmi, the biggest beneficiary from the sport is the Maharashtra Government. Of course, what the State Government gets by way of betting tax is far less than what it should, due to scores of unofficial betting centres all over Greater Bombay which accept bets without tax.

According to the annual report of the Royal Western India Turf Club for 1973-74, the total turnover during the Poona meetings for 1973 and the Bombay meetings for 1973-74 was Rs 8.03 crores against Rs 7.94 crores during the previous year. The total amount paid to the Government by way of taxes and licence fee was Rs 3.56 crores.

Jockey Vasant Shinde earned a permanent place in the annals of the Indian Turf when the 28-day, 239-race Bombay season concluded this year. He won with all his four mounts to total 53 winners, which surpassed the previous national record of 50 by P. Shankar.

R.

FORECAST POOL
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THE SCRAMBLE FOR FORECASTING—one of Racing Day's sidelights. Sometimes, a section of the crowd becomes disgruntled with the results and creates disturbances. One such riot occurred at Mahalaxmi last month when odds-on favourite Sonorica lost to Gerenuk in the Vijay Chaubal Cup. Police had to resort to a lathi-charge to clear the rowdy sections from the paddock.

The foals are born generally between 6 p.m. and 5 a.m. and no chance of unattended foaling is permitted with the thoroughbred. The foals are always kept under close observation. Soon after birth of a foal, the maternal instinct has been evoked in the mare and the mare begins to lick her offspring. Struggling and staggering on its wobbly legs, it presently succeeds in standing for a moment. In a day or two, the foal goes into the paddock with the mother and the foal's first day out is a sight not to be missed.

As he gains strength, he begins to enjoy himself, playing and racing around. Colt or filly, the yearling thoroughbred is full of mischief and enjoys a carefree existence.

Gradually the yearling is put into training and he must have the makings of a racehorse. He must become accustomed to feeling the bit between his teeth and accept a rider.

The Joy Of Running

He seems to run for the sheer joy of running and, with the ease and grace of a racehorse, he grows into a gorgeous creature and is taken to the great auctions to be sold to the highest bidder.

As livestock breeding was not attracting Income Tax, a spurt was given to the stud-farming enterprises, which had generated employment opportunities for village folk surrounding the studs. The proposed amendment to the Income Tax laws by the Centre destroys this concession and the proposed prohibition on racing in Tamil Nadu will further reduce the enthusiasm that breeders have for their farm. In livestock breeding, thousands of rupees can be lost in a single accident by loss of a foal, several lakhs of rupees by loss of a stallion.

For all the planning that goes into a race by the breeder, owner, trainer and for all the predictions by the press, the astrologer, the numerologist and for all the prayers of the punter, there is one man who holds in his two hands the final answer to what can happen out there on the track—and that is the jockey.

Contrary to popular belief, to pick a winner is still a matter of chance. As a famous bookmaker put it: "Can you predict which horse can put its head forward at the finish line?"

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NEW FACES AT LAST!

WE make the largest number of films in the world but with the least number of new faces! In Hindi films, new talent finds hardly any chance. 'Goldie' Vijay Anand therefore deserves credit for introducing a number of new faces in *Jaan Haazir Hai.*

A film of youth enacted by young people for the youth, it was shot entirely in the environs of the Film Institute, Poona. It has for its heroine Nitasha. She's just finished school and brings a schoolgirl's freshness to the film.

So too Prem Kishen, son of Premnath and Bina Rai.

The third new face, Shekhar Kapur, is a nephew of Dev Anand and Goldie.

Off The Screen

These are the new talents *on* the screen. Off the screen, *Jaan Haazir Hai* brings us a new young director in Manoharnath Rangroo.

The film also marks a major break for Shaily Shailendra, son of the late poet; and Shaily's lyrics have been turned into new-style music by Jai Parte, who as Jai Kumar won the 1971 Sur-Singar award for his classical composition in *Bhagwan Parshuram*: 'Mere man ke maansarovar mein'.

Music has always been Goldie's strong point. Thus the voices chosen for Jai's tunes are all new. Singing the heroine's songs will be Dil Raj Kaur. Young, fresh and spontaneous, this singer has the potential to make good.

The male singers are Amit Kumar and Manhar. If Amit sings too much like his father Kishore, Manhar is apt to sound a mini Mukesh. But they are young and can learn.

NITASHA, SHEKHAR KAPUR AND URMILA BHATT in Jaan Haazir Hai. *The film, directed by Manoharnath Rangroo. for Vijay Anand, was shot entirely in Poona. Also prominent in the cast is Prem Kishen, son of actor Prem Nath. Below: Nitasha plays the role that was to have been originally done by Loveleen, now wife of Vijay Anand.*

SINGER DIL RAJ KAUR

NAMU, THE DHOBI

by P. L. DESHPANDE

Cheerfully he goes about the business of living, with a load of laundry on his back and armed with an enviable philosophy of life . . .

"GET out, Namu! Don't you dare show me your face again." Namu, the dhobi, is quite used to me saying that—at least twice a month, ever since my stars decreed that my clothes should be lost or damaged by him and him alone. He is never ruffled. He would only say to my wife: "Sister, give me the clothes."

It beats me how this fellow became a dhobi and not a saint. Never seen such utter nonchalance.

I met Namu for the first time in a film studio at Kolhapur. I knew he had been going about saying: "P. L. Sahib and I entered the film industry at the same time." If only the clothes laundered by him were as neat and immaculate as the answers he gave! You should see him taking on an awkward situation. Hardly a crease on his face; not a tenth of those on the clothes alleged to have been ironed by him. In a casual film-starrish manner, he tells them: "I have eight pictures on these days." Meaning, of course, he has been engaged to wash the clothes of the director, the actors, the actresses and the cameramen working in eight films.

Namu is still in the film line; I walked out of it long ago. He has shifted from Kolhapur to Poona. He has seen several "assistants"—who used to be kept busy getting their director *paans* and cigarettes whenever he felt like them—blossom into directors. Some of them made quite a name for themselves. But to Namu one of them was still "Chintya" and another "Antya"—the nicknames of their nondescript days.

We can understand a dhobi breaking the buttons on your clothes. It comes naturally to him. But Namu's tricks are of a

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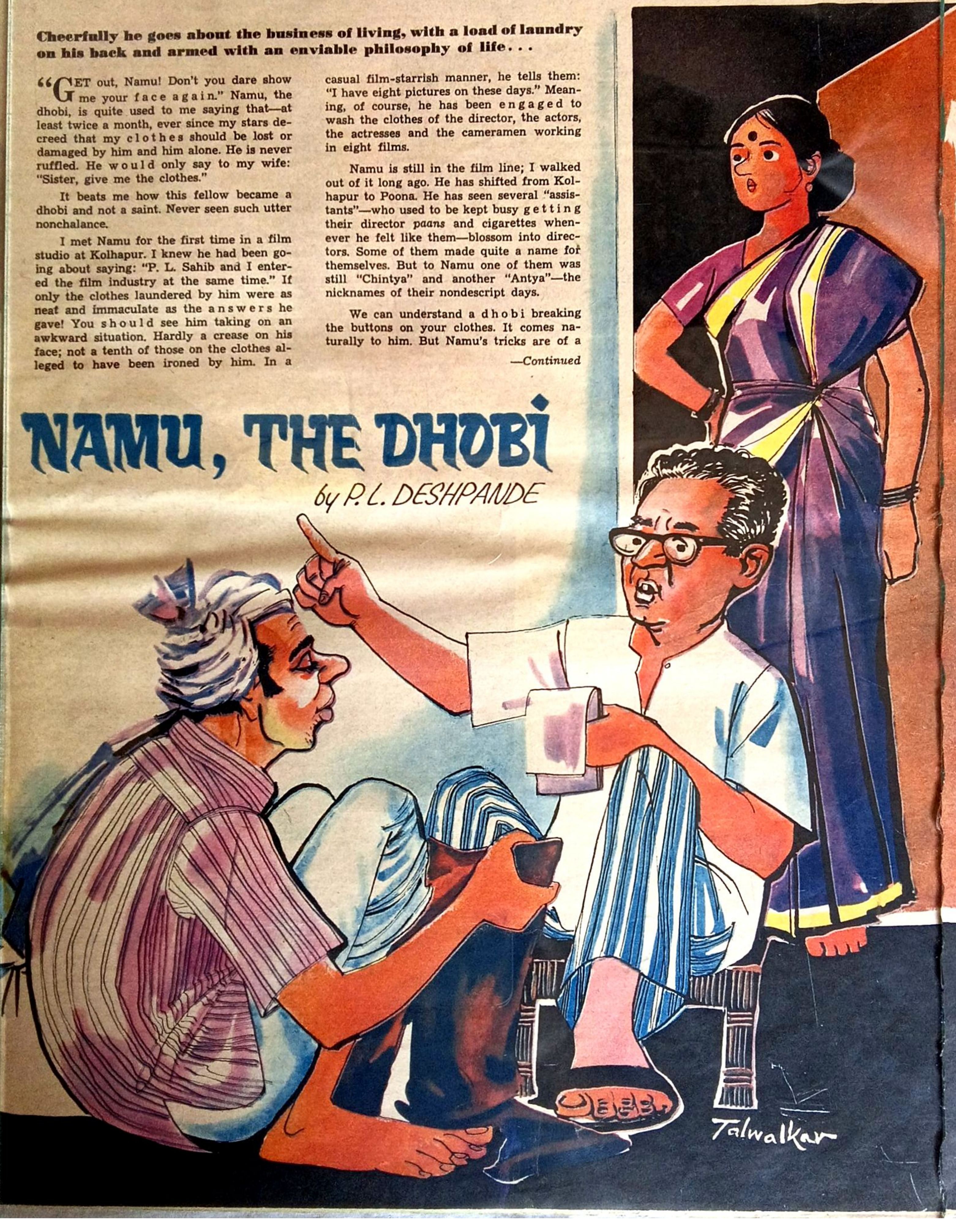

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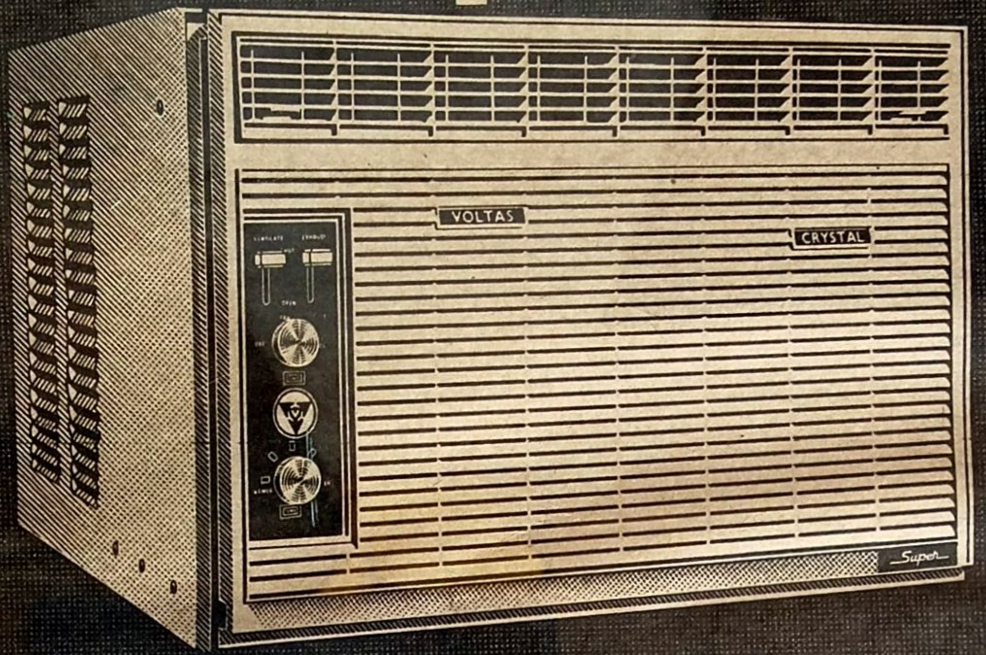

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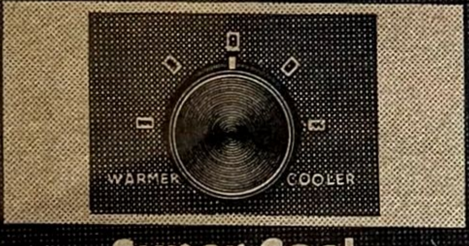

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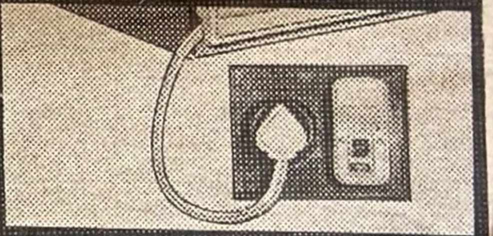

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higher order. Once, when I was going over the plot of a story with a film director, who should walk in but Namu in a natty shirt, carrying a laundry load! I noticed the shirt; but, before I could ask him about it, the director shouted: "My shirt on you, you scoundrel!"

"Fits me just right," said Namu, coolly, as he went on folding the clothes.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Leave the clothes here... And out!"

"Oh! But Sahib, you have just signed a new contract, haven't you? You can get a dozen shirts like this one."

"But filching a shirt! Damn it. . ."

"Now, now, Sahib, if I had filched it, surely I wouldn't have come here wearing it. Would I have, P. L. Sahib? Tell me."

"Tell you indeed! Have they put you here to pinch shirts?"

"This is not the world for an honest man, Sahib."

"Eh? You talking about an honest world?"

"Well, I was only speaking my *dwailak*, Sahib."

Now *dwailak* was Namu's corruption of *dialogue* and he mouthed such corruptions of English words with ease and assurance. Particularly the jargon he picked up from the film studios. Anything said cleverly was *dwailak* to him.

"What dialogue?" I asked.

"Isn't the Sahib's new picture named *An Honest World*? And your story, Sahib, is it *kamic* or just weepy?"

"How does it concern you?"

"Of course, if it's your story, it must be *kamic*. Well, give me the clothes, Sahib." The latter to the director.

"Nothing doing."

"And what's the cast, P. L. Sahib? Is it Sulochana or Hansabai?"

"What about putting you in it?"

"Well, I'm there in each one of your pictures, Sahib, ain't I?"

AND that wasn't untrue either. Namu was always there in the mob scenes. In the bunch at the *paanshop*, or among a theatre audience (wearing a smart suit—some customer's, that is), or in a historical picture, sword, shield and all, yelling out the war-cry: *Har Har Mahadeo!* The producer too was pleased, for he saved an extra's wages.

Namu baffles me. I don't think I have ever come across anyone so unblushing. He was most unpunctual in bringing the laundry. Got some kind of a pleasure out of it, I suspect.

"Namu, you were to have brought the clothes yesterday. Why didn't you?"

With the expression on his face unchanged, Namu replied: "Had a bit too much yesterday...."

"Too much of what?"

His reply: wordless but most vivid. He straightened out his thumb and jerked it to his mouth.

"Namu, didn't your father or mother ever tell you of something called shame?"

"Sahib, you must get new pants made. The next time these are washed, they will be all holes."

"How can that happen to pants in three months?"

"Look, this pant's seat is finished, true and proper." He held up a pair of trousers, exhibiting both sides, as evidence to support his statement.

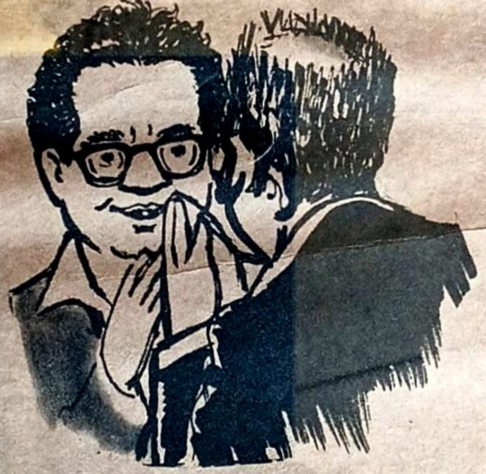
"None of your business! Stop it!"

Every time Namu calls with the fresh laundry, he and my wife carry on a debate for a good half an hour on whether the pieces given to him were eleven or thirteen. Each time my wife threatens to deduct the cost of the lost pieces from his bill—and the next time the lost *chaddars* show up. Asked to explain, he comes out with something like: "It's human to err. After all, man is imperfect."

"Enough!" I know the rest of it. It's lifted from a film for which I did the dialogue. Namu has such innumerable bits by heart. And songs too. And also the lingo of film-makers, though he has a way of using it inappropriately.

"Seen M. D. Sahib's picture? All fog."

"What?"



"This is my fyamily, *Sister," Namu introduced her to my wife.*

"Fog..!!" He had heard some cameraman speak of his stock of film turning out "fog". Since then, to Namu, "fog" has meant plain bad. He went on: "The acting is 'fog' and the songs are utterly 'fog'. The very first week the picture has collected less than the *holdor phigar*, Sahib."

"How do you know what the hold-over figure is?"

"I do the laundry for the Manager of Minerva Talkies, Sahib. He said so."

"Fine! The Manager of Minerva talks to you about his business, does he?"

"Well, he was telling his distributor: I only kept my ears open."

Nothing seems to defile this dhobi. No taint seems to stick. At the *muhurat* ceremony of a film, he would push himself right to the front. If a story is being discussed in the office or even a business proposal, Namu sees no reason why he should not be hanging around. Not that he wants to pass for a respectable person. He is not cramped by a feeling of inferiority because he is a dhobi. He roams the streets with the laundry load on his back. I envy him his freedom from affectations and inhibitions.

My wife and I once went to see an English film. Like any white-livered middle-class couple, we had bought upper-class seats. Shorty after the show started, suddenly I felt somebody slapping my thigh. Taken aback, I peered to try and see who it could be.

"Won't you have a *paan*, P. L. Sahib?"

I seemed to recognise the voice. It was Namu! Dressed up. Without a word, I accepted the *paan*.

"Some tobacco?"

"No, bothersome. One can't spit."

Pat came the reply from Namu: "Right under the chair. *Maaro pichkari!*"

"Hush!" Somebody hissed from the front row.

"Idiot! What's there to be seen in a *dakumentry*. The main picture starts after the interval."

CAME the interval. Sitting next to Namu was a woman well past her youth. She wore a highly respectable look. But I knew she was a film extra. She greeted me with a proper *namaste*.

"This is my *fyamily*, Sister," Namu introduced her to my wife.

Well, well. My wife had met his "family" when we had been to his place in Kolhapur once for a *puja*!

"Ah yes. We met at Kolhapur," said my wife, trying to make it proper.

"Oh no; not that one. This is a stepney." He wasn't in the least embarrassed. Only we were.

Changing the subject, I asked: "Namu, what can you make of an English film?"

"I have a free pass."

"Oh! So you wash and wear and tear the clothes of the Manager here too?"

"No, the doorkeeper's. But it's a swell picture, Sahib. What love scenes! They've whisked the trolley round and round!"

Mercifully, the lights went off and the film came on. But Namu continued to educate me, prodding me with his elbow, on the *laang shot* and the *clojup* and all the rest.

But we get used to his ways and don't mind them, I suppose. Rather like himself. He has no grievances. I don't recall his ever talking against anyone with indignation; nor ever getting elated, for the matter of that. He is like the telegraph transmitter whose tone does not vary whether it is conveying birthday greetings or news of death. Film studios are ever humming with gossip and scandal and they love to colour them. But when Namu brings one to you, it is in a bleached form. He puts as much feeling into it as there is in, say, an example in an arithmetic textbook.

"Sahib, they put handcuffs on Annasahib," he told me casually one day.

"What Annasaheb?"

"Of the Navayug Studio."

"For what?" I asked, surprised. I had always felt, however, that some day Anna-

—*Continued*

FOR THOSE WITH A SONG IN THEIR HEART

SHRI AMBICA GROUP

SHRI AMBICA MILLS

SHRI ARBUDA MILLS

BIDHAN-AG-20-A

saheb was going to get it. Only the *muhurat* had come a little earlier than I'd thought. Annasaheb had had quite a long and varied record of cheating. I was tickled by the pious Annasaheb, with his ash-smeared forehead and the soulful *Vitthala Panduranga* in his mouth, wearing handcuffs.

"Six months at the most," said Namu, taking out my shirt buttons.

"Why?"

"How much longer? Do they hang you for drinking liquor?"

"Oh! So Annasaheb was nabbed for drinking," was he?

"Look, Sister. This *chaddar's* already torn."

"You must've done it yourself!" my wife shot back from the inside room.

"Forget about the *chaddar*, Namu. Annasaheb used to drink?"

"Every day. Note down the pieces."

"This is news to me, Namu. But who could be supplying the stuff?"

"Ganpat, from the *labratary*. Pants two, Nehru shirts six..." All this in the same even tone.

"Keep the clothes aside, Namu. You mean Ganpat from the laboratory?"

"The one with a glass eye. See for yourself, this pyjama has no string."

"But tell me, how could Ganpat get the liquor?"

"They work a still just behind the studio."

"How do you know?"

"I too get my drinks from there."

That clinched it. What composure! Fit for a saint. Not one superfluous sentence, nor word. In the studios, they keep chewing any juicy bit they have got hold of. Not Namu.

"KULKARNI'S popped off, Sahib."

That's how one morning, taking out the laundered clothes, Namu dismissed Kulkarni. Actually, Kulkarni's was a most tragic affair. I haven't seen the like of him among the flute players in filmland. Slight and delicate-looking Kulkarni hardly spoke but he had a shy smile all the time. You should have seen him when his face lit up on getting a tune right: his eyes would sparkle, his lips would tremble.

Everyone was so fond of him....And why should this boy have killed himself? Everyone in filmland was deeply moved—the good ones and the bad ones. A producer, notorious for his meanness, on his own sent Kulkarni's mother some three or four hundred rupees that were the young man's dues. Those two or three days we had talked of the suicide and of nothing else. So I was mad with Namu for being so offhand about it.

"Namu, why this 'Kulkarni's popped off'?"

"It's three days."

"I know. He took his own life. God knows what ailed him."

"Kamal played him false. Here, this *maachis* was in the pocket," Namu said, placing before me the box of matches he had found in a pocket of a pair of trousers in washing.

"What Kamal?"

"One of Mane's extras."

"Which one? That fairish one?"

"Yes. Very light eyes. Side heroine in that picture *Lal Kandil*...."

"Of course, you know all the gossip of the town, don't you?"

"Kulkarni's my customer." For a moment, Namu forgot that Kulkarni was dead. "I had once warned him."

"About what?"

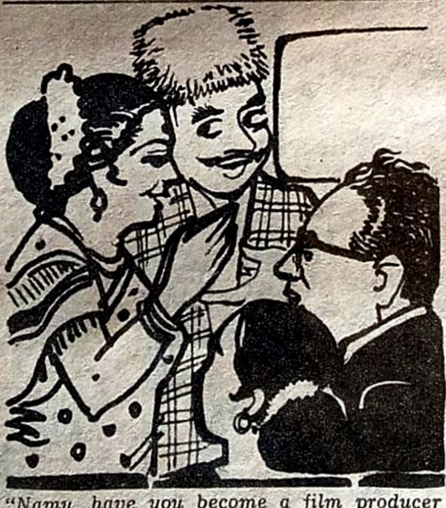
"About Kamal!...." And Namu, as he tied up his bundle, added a word—or two violent words—of proper "red-light" hue to describe her. Then he went on. "Now she's got her chance in the Bombay industry. You remember that Punjabi party which came to Deccan Studio for shooting. Well, the director made her an *aapher* for his next picture..."

Namu was, of course, repeating the tittle-tattle of the studio; but with his very own detachment.

"Why should he have killed himself?"

"Chicken-hearted blighter!" And with that Namu hitched up his load and walked out.

My contact with Namu came to an end—shall I say my sartorial contact? I have nothing to do with films now. But, off and on, I happen to meet former colleagues in that profession. And I hear the same old talk about contracts and finance and distributors. Some of them have continued to be "assistants" for years together. Some evening they get together at Jeevan Hotel and, sipping their tea, confide to one another their rather improbable plans. The other afternoon, I found such a bunch there. I joined it. I was getting along fine with that friendly crowd when one of them called out: "Come here, Namdevrao." The man addressed looked quite stout and his moustaches were most impressive. Walking up, the man asked me: "Do you recognise me, P. L. Sahib?"



"Namu, have you become a film producer or something?" I asked.

It was a minute before I knew him for good old Namu. He greeted me with "Ram, Ram, Sahib."

"Namu, have you become a producer or something?" He did look rather odd with those moustaches. "And, tell me, are those moustaches your own or...?"

"Come, tug at them and see for yourself" said Namu. They all laughed.

"But you've put on a lot of weight."

"Had six months' rest!"

"Rest?"

"Don't you know, P.L.?" one of them asked.

"Know what?"

"That Namdevrao did a term."

"Where?"

"In Yeravda."

"Not Yeravda but Nasik," Namu corrected.

"You mean you went to jail?" I asked.

"Six months."

"For what?"

"For running a still."

"But, my dear chap, why did you give up your old *bhatti* for this one?"

"Sahib, if the new one had gone on, I'd have produced a picture."

"So you have closed down the old one?"

"Why should I? Look, there is my bundle of clothes—on that bike there."

Yes, there was one strapped to the carrier of a brand-new bicycle.

"Bought a new one, eh?" somebody asked.

"Yes."

"For how much?"

"Sixty rupees. And for the *dynomo*, sixty *sheprate*."

"Sixty? Stolen goods, I suppose."

"How else will one give a new bike for sixty?" asked Namu, without batting an eyelid. "How long are you going to be in Poona, Sahib?" he asked me.

"For a week or so..."

THIS man, to whom six months in jail had done nothing, had shaken me a little.

"Where are you staying?"

"Right here at the Jeevan."

"Shall I come for the washing?"

"You needn't. I'll send it to that laundry over there. If you don't bring them back in time, I'll be in the soup."

"I'll get them *aarjant*, Sahib."

"No, no. If you don't bring them in time, you'll have to send them to Delhi."

"Oh! Why send them all the way to Delhi? Your shirts will now fit me very well. I'm as stout as you are, Sahib, ain't I?"

Even then I gave him some shirts for washing. He failed to bring them back before I left Poona a week later. He must be using them himself. Next time I am in Poona, he will come and meet me. And, without blushing, he'll tell me he has used them. And I'll tell him that I won't see his face again. And having told him that, I'll once again give him some shirts for washing.

Now there must be some good in the scoundrel to make me do it. What it is I'll never be able to find out. I haven't yet seen a man so naked and yet involved in the world of clothes. My middle-class respectability, trim and proper, is outraged by him; and yet, somewhere within, I envy the man. There, I think, lies the fascination Namu holds for me.

Translated from the Marathi
by M. V. Rajadhyaksha

"QUOTES"—A NOVEL LITERARY PASTIME

OPEN TO ALL READERS

Rs. 15,000 MUST BE WON

FIRST PRIZE: Rs.12,000

RUNNERS-UP: UNDER 3 ERRORS Rs. 3,000

CONTEST OF SKILL! ★ Re. 1/- PER ENTRY

FINAL CALL!

We shall give you the analysis of Clue Nos. 9 & 10 Down. The remaining five clues have new and challenging alternative words which you must be able to solve by yourself on the same lines as the clues already analysed. These five clues will be a test of the extent of YOUR skill. And the harder you find these five clues to be the bigger the prize amount will be too! Thus we give our readers the best of both worlds — an easy contest and a big prize! But learn to use what we have so patiently taught you.

COST/LOST: Here the key phrase is 'desire for knowledge'. The apple that Adam has still to swallow! (Was it because he bit off more than he could chew?) Yet if that desire made God cast us out of the Garden of Eden cannot it help us to one day attain heaven on earth? It was a price worth paying, the author seems to say. The word 'give' must complement the Correct Word. Does it complement punishment or bereavement? Decide that and you've got the Correct Word.

BURN/TURN: Here it seems important whether 'God' is the Hindu, Christian or Moslem 'lord'.

Because it is material whether his body will be buried or burned. Yet if it is to be burned it will turn into ash. But ash isn't 'black'. If he is to be buried he might so 'turn' black. Yes, that's it. An agonized cry of a black man cursing the Lord who made him.

Now, let's hear from you.

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 46 ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN

Here's "QUOTES" No. 215, our June offer with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1975.

CLUES ACROSS

1 A licentious press cannot —— these things, for if it gives the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. (AFFECT|EFFECT)

2 One turned ——: the other's in some government job. (NUN|NUT)

3 Is it not a play indeed, my ——? See: riches come, and the man is not satisfied. Will he expect that freshly roasted larks shall fall into his mouth? (MOPPET|POPPET)

6 The smile and —— had vanished; her face was pale. (BLUSH|FLUSH)

7 He was two or three years older than myself, with —— blue eyes and a suave manner. (MILD|WILD)

13 "I could have told you before you started, Quiblick, that you would find nothing if you gave them time to cover up their ——." (TRACES|TRACKS)

14 'Well, yes, it has rather —— me out,' admitted the identity-seeker; 'a florin is about all I've got left on me. (CLEANED|CLEARED)

CLUES DOWN

4 Not that their conversation always depends on mere tricks; sometimes it is in a general way ——. (TOPICAL|TYPICAL)

5 All the work that has been done, and is still being done, to help man —— death has slowly converted quarantine into an exact science. (FACE|RACE)

8 The jeep —— up and down over several holes and the two men raised up to get a better view. (BUMPED|JUMPED)

9 It is said that desire for knowledge —— us the Eden of the past; but whether that is true or not, it will certainly give us the Eden of the future. (COST|LOST)

10 "To hell with it. God never did anything for me but —— me black before I'm dead." (BURN|TURN)

11 Labour without sorrow is ——. (BASE|EASE)

12 "Therefore put money in thy purse." That's the only ——. (DOPE|HOPE)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JULY 6; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JULY 13. Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 215, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 215

"QUOTES"

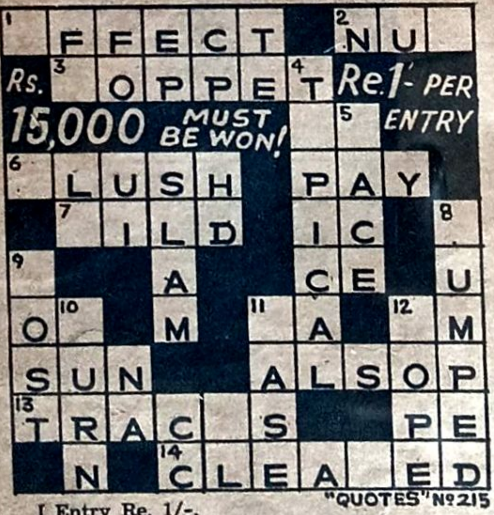
No. 215

CLOSING DATE:

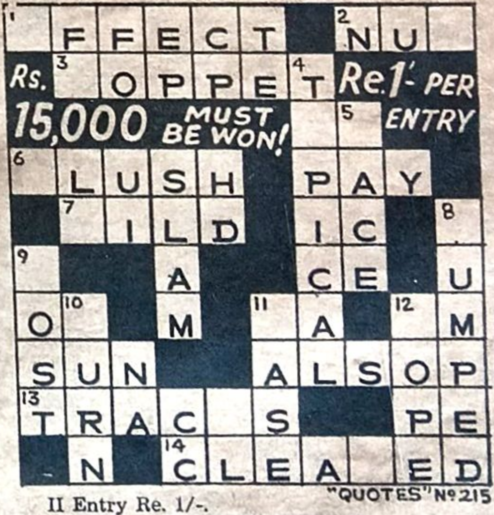
TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1975.

Enclosed Money Order Receipt/ Postal Orders/ "Q" Cash Receipts

Nos. ....



I Entry Re. 1/-.



II Entry Re. 1/-.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME IN INK & BLOCK LETTERS } Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

ADDRESS ....

CUT HERE ---------- CUT HERE

STARS FORETELL

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, May 25

For luck today, wear or use: Light brown, 5, topaz.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Taking into consideration your lunar chart along with the lunar eclipse in full conjunction with Neptune, it can be said that intuition will play a big part in all your activities, but undue reliance on it may prove harmful. Profit will come from secret business deals but these activities may be exposed by the end of August or early September. The year is especially good for secret police personnel.

Monday, May 26

For luck today, wear or use: Wine red, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Your solar horoscope indicates auspicious events and prosperity. Therefore, make it a point to fully exploit all the good chances that come to you. Your financial position will be happy. Marriage of a youngster or a middle-aged person is likely to be celebrated by the end of the year or early next year.

Tuesday, May 27

For luck today, wear or use: Wine red, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stellar portents indicate a year of stress and strain, when unexpected and unpleasant events have to be calmly and patiently borne. Businessmen as well as the employed must guard against differences, conflicts and prejudices in their fields. At home, the bereavement of an important family member may bring severe mental tension, making you nervous and irritable.

Wednesday, May 28

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A mediocre year. Initially, some setbacks, especially in September-October, are very likely. After that, smooth sailing with average success in business or profession can be predicted. Speculation should not be indulged in till October. November-December are suitable for experimenting with a small amount in this direction. Barring minor rifts till September, family life is happy. The young must be careful till the end of the year.

Thursday, May 29

For luck today, wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Mixed influences will be in evidence this year. The present slow phase of prosperity will continue bringing average gains in business. Your job will be fairly free from worries, but health upsets may force you to take leave and rest for a month or two in September-October. Financial position will be strained till November.

Friday, May 30

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This year promises a number of good events including rapid progress in business. Those engaged in professions may also expect a steep rise in income. If employed, due recognition of your efficiency and hard work will come along with increased salary. An especially auspicious year for army and navy personnel. Family life is under very favourable stars.

Saturday, May 31

For luck today, wear or use: Rose red, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A year of remarkable success and rare achievements. But curb the temptation to depend wholly on your own resources. It would be wise to seek the support and cooperation of colleagues. Give due respect to your financiers and superiors. October-November are not good months from the financial point of view. A bad year for those engaged in the teaching profession and journalism.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara):

Do not be dejected or frustrated if someone fails to keep his promise. Instead, try to understand his difficulties before forming a firm opinion and becoming prejudiced.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha):

The generation gap may prove disturbing for some time. Some complications in love life, too, cannot be ruled out. Do not try to tap new sources for finances on Sunday.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina):

The health of elders may become a source of worry for a while, so do not count on their support, financially or otherwise. Tuesday is good for recovering old dues.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha):

Some delay in receiving news from abroad is likely. From Tuesday onwards, you will slowly get to know the reasons for this. Business will flourish on Thursday.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha):

Some diplomatic moves are essential in dealing with seniors, youngsters and financial sources. A lucky break may come on Thursday for finalising a business deal.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna):

Do not be overzealous and hasty. A sudden breakdown in health is likely. You may have to face opposition on Tuesday. Business will be slack this week.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka):

Guard against theft or deception on Sunday. Be cautious in dealings with the opposite sex. Finish up routine chores and go on a picnic on Wednesday.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha):

Group activities may cause mental strain and worry. Do not take a challenging attitude with superiors. Midweek may bring vague worries.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya):

A piece of news on Sunday may give you a feeling of frustration and disappointment. This will continue till Thursday. Friday is good for shopping.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula):

A piece of news or a letter on Monday may create confusion. Tuesday will be a day of emotional upsets, but Wednesday will clear the atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty.

(October 24 to November 22)

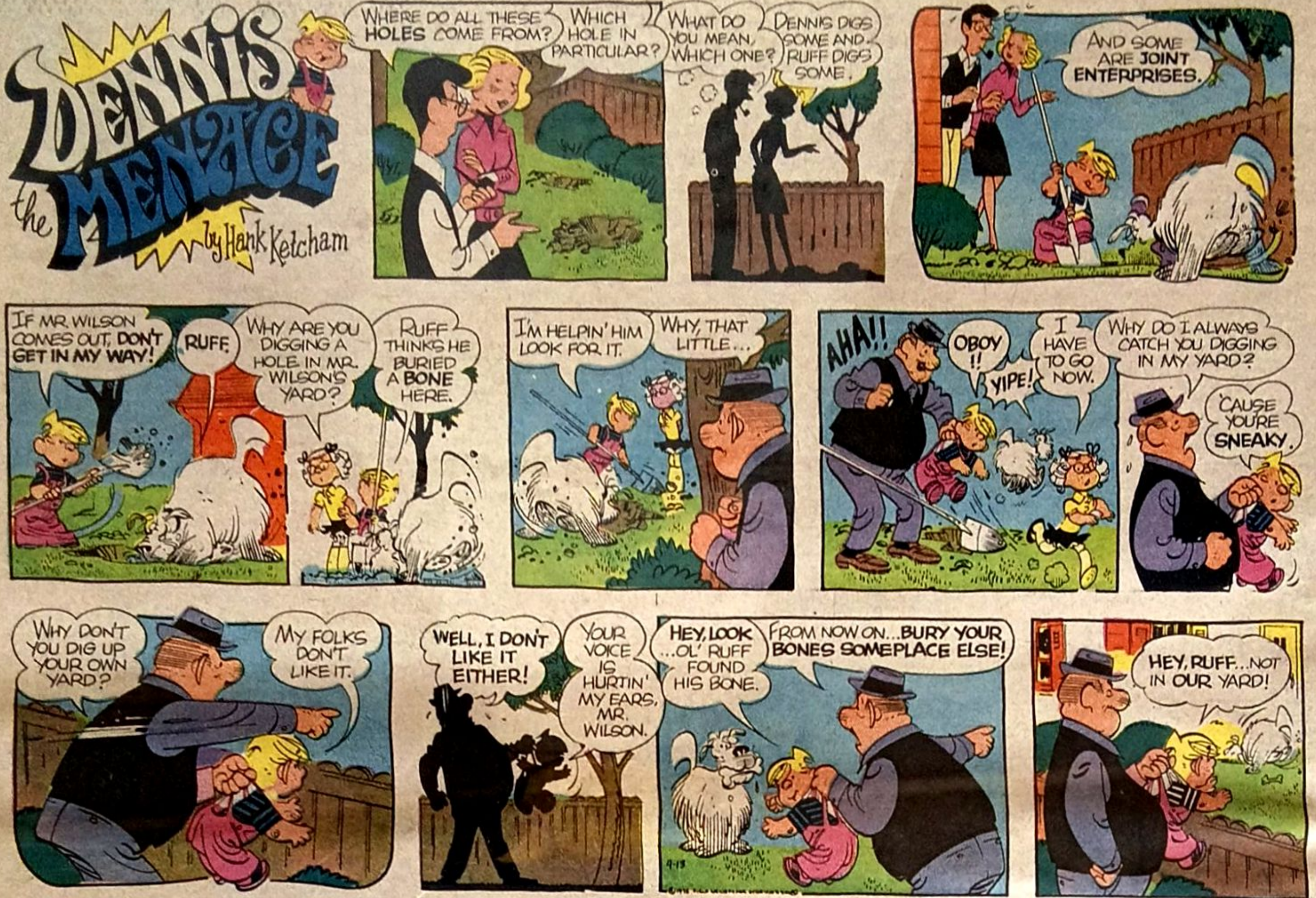
Scorpio (Vrishchika):

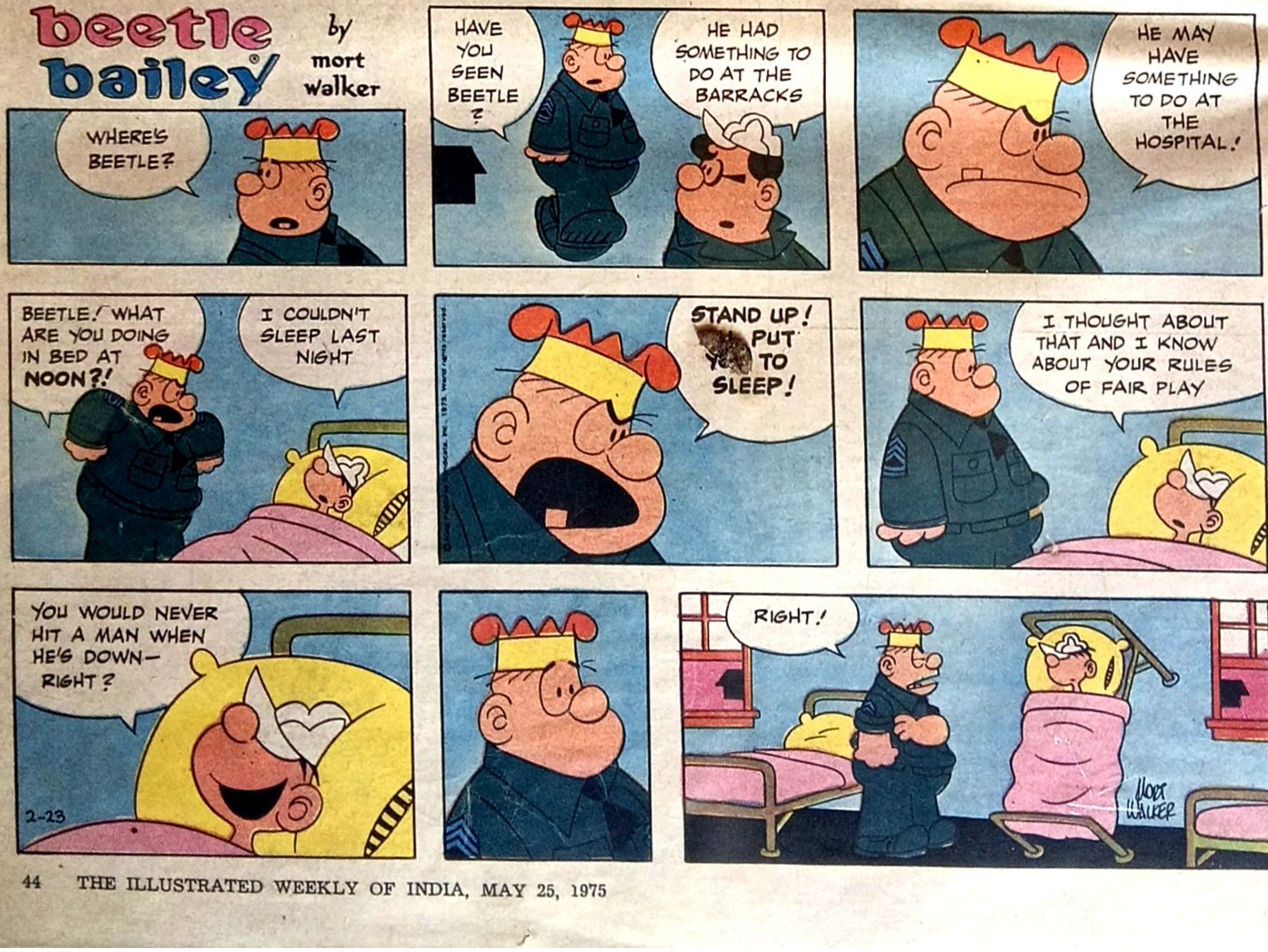
Physical and mental exertion may affect your health on Sunday. Reserve a couple of days from Monday onwards for rest so that you can resume duty on Thursday.

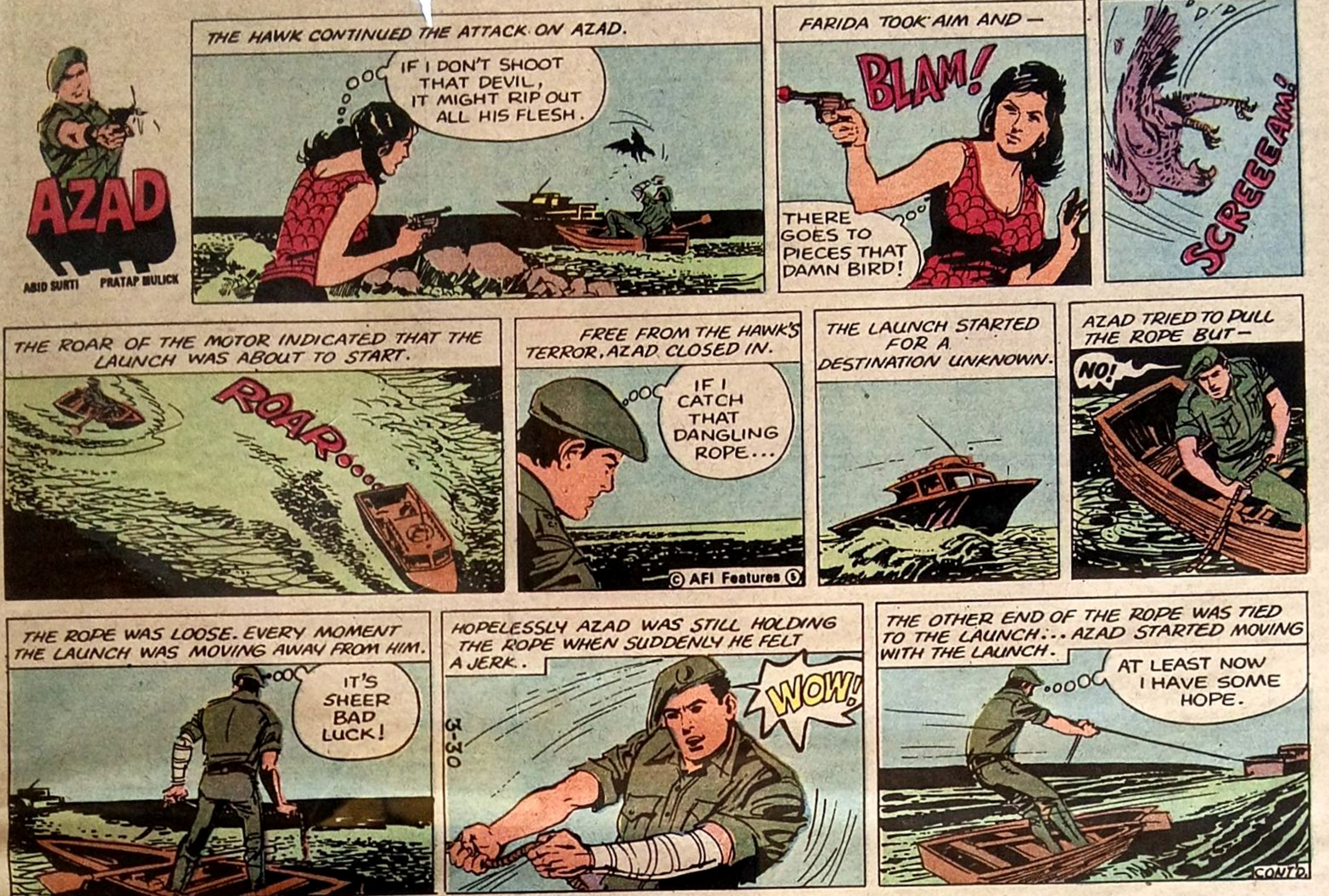
(November 23 to December 20)

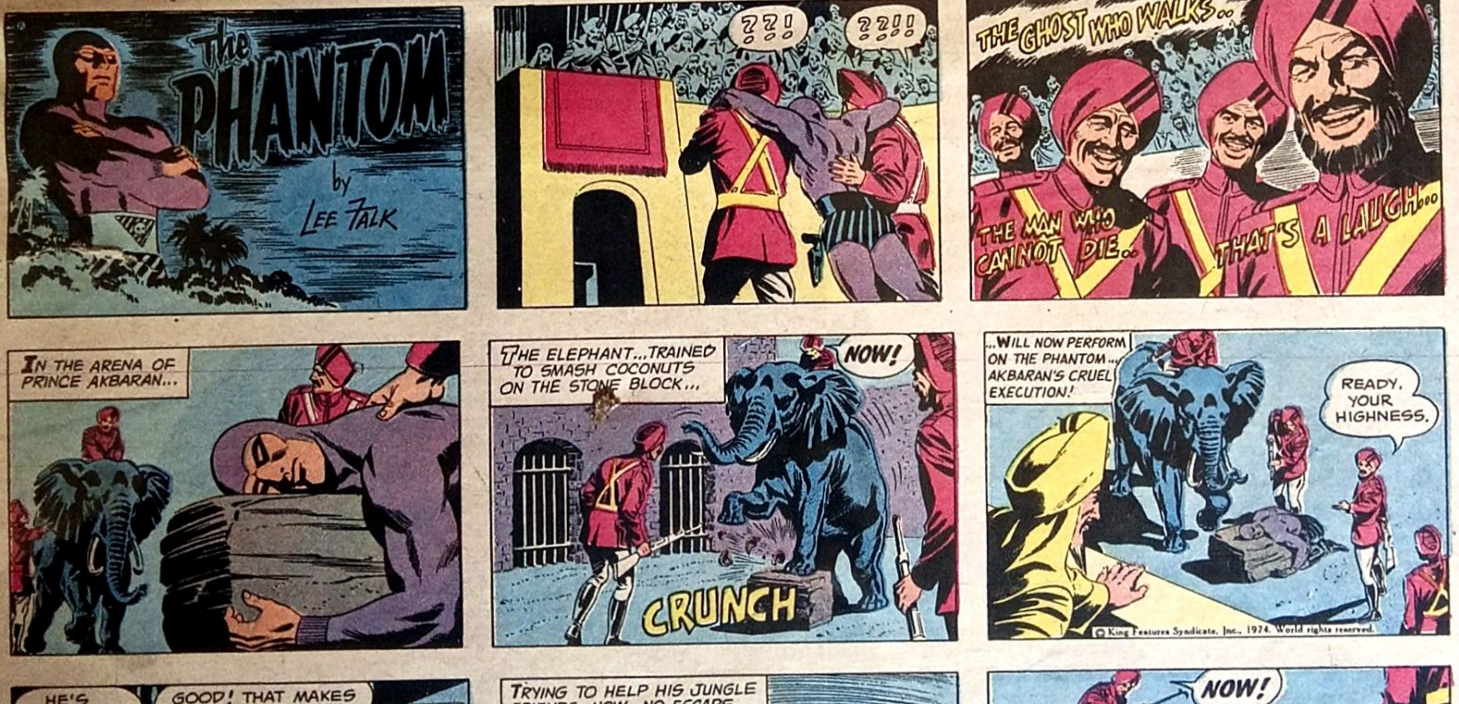
Sagittarius (Dhanu):

Till midweek evening, everything will go wrong. Partners and superiors will prove difficult to tackle and will neither support nor oppose you. Tuesday is good for a picnic.


DENNIS the MENACE
by Hank Ketcham
WHERE DO ALL THESE HOLES COME FROM?
WHICH HOLE IN PARTICULAR?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHICH ONE?
DENNIS DIGS SOME AND RUFF DIGS SOME.
AND SOME ARE JOINT ENTERPRISES.
IF MR. WILSON COMES OUT, DON'T GET IN MY WAY!
RUFF.
WHY ARE YOU DIGGING A HOLE IN MR. WILSON'S YARD?
RUFF THINKS HE BURIED A BONE HERE.
I'M HELPIN' HIM LOOK FOR IT.
WHY, THAT LITTLE...
AHA!!
OBOY!!
YIPE!
I HAVE TO GO NOW.
WHY DO I ALWAYS CATCH YOU DIGGING IN MY YARD?
'CAUSE YOU'RE SNEAKY.
WHY DON'T YOU DIG UP YOUR OWN YARD?
MY FOLKS DON'T LIKE IT.
WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER!
YOUR VOICE IS HURTIN' MY EARS, MR. WILSON.
HEY, LOOK ...OL' RUFF FOUND HIS BONE.
FROM NOW ON...BURY YOUR BONES SOMEPLACE ELSE!
9-13
HEY, RUFF...NOT IN OUR YARD!


beetle bailey
by mort walker
WHERE'S BEETLE?
HAVE YOU SEEN BEETLE?
HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO AT THE BARRACKS
HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO AT THE HOSPITAL!
BEETLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN BED AT NOON?!
I COULDN'T SLEEP LAST NIGHT
STAND UP! [illegible] PUT YO[illegible] TO SLEEP!
I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT AND I KNOW ABOUT YOUR RULES OF FAIR PLAY
YOU WOULD NEVER HIT A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN—RIGHT?
2-23
RIGHT!
MORT WALKER


AZAD
ABID SURTI PRATAP MULICK
THE HAWK CONTINUED THE ATTACK ON AZAD.
IF I DON'T SHOOT THAT DEVIL, IT MIGHT RIP OUT ALL HIS FLESH.
FARIDA TOOK AIM AND —
BLAM!
THERE GOES TO PIECES THAT DAMN BIRD!
SCREEEAM!
THE ROAR OF THE MOTOR INDICATED THAT THE LAUNCH WAS ABOUT TO START.
ROAR....
FREE FROM THE HAWK'S TERROR, AZAD CLOSED IN.
IF I CATCH THAT DANGLING ROPE...
© AFI Features ©
THE LAUNCH STARTED FOR A DESTINATION UNKNOWN.
AZAD TRIED TO PULL THE ROPE BUT—
NO!
THE ROPE WAS LOOSE. EVERY MOMENT THE LAUNCH WAS MOVING AWAY FROM HIM.
IT'S SHEER BAD LUCK!
HOPELESSLY AZAD WAS STILL HOLDING THE ROPE WHEN SUDDENLY HE FELT A JERK.
3-30
WOW!
THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE WAS TIED TO THE LAUNCH... AZAD STARTED MOVING WITH THE LAUNCH.
AT LEAST NOW I HAVE SOME HOPE.
CONT'D.


The PHANTOM
by LEE FALK
???!
??!!!
THE GHOST WHO WALKS..
THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE..
THAT'S A LAUGH...
IN THE ARENA OF PRINCE AKBARAN...
THE ELEPHANT... TRAINED TO SMASH COCONUTS ON THE STONE BLOCK...
NOW!
CRUNCH
...WILL NOW PERFORM ON THE PHANTOM... AKBARAN'S CRUEL EXECUTION!
READY, YOUR HIGHNESS.
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1974. World rights reserved.
HE'S CONSCIOUS...
GOOD! THAT MAKES IT BETTER... READY..
SY BARRY 11/24
!
TRYING TO HELP HIS JUNGLE FRIENDS.. NOW... NO ESCAPE...
IS THIS.. IT?
NOW!
!!!!
CONT'D.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF "QUOTES" CONTESTS

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON P. 42,

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in **block letters or typewritten.** Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. **Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps or currency notes or coins will not be accepted.** Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 215. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 215, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order **receipts,** Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the Sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries in Tuesday, June 10, 1975. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. **Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.**

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 12,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", (Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

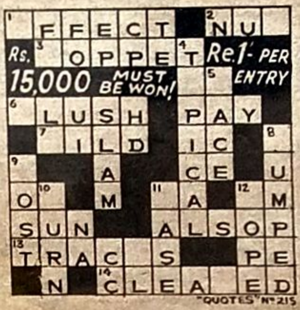
10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list, unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

FOR MADRAS/BOMBAY READERS
Our Agent — For "QUOTES"
Cash Receipts is:
THE STAR NEWS AGENCY,
186, Broadway Corner,
MADRAS - 1.

NAPOLEON BOOK-STALL
New Empire Restaurant,
(Adj. to New Empire Cinema)
Fort, BOMBAY - 1.

The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 215, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Monday, June 23, 1975.

COPY SQUARES



Copy Square No. 1

Rs. 15,000 MUST BE WON!
Re.1/- PER ENTRY
"QUOTES" Nº 215

Copy Square No. 2

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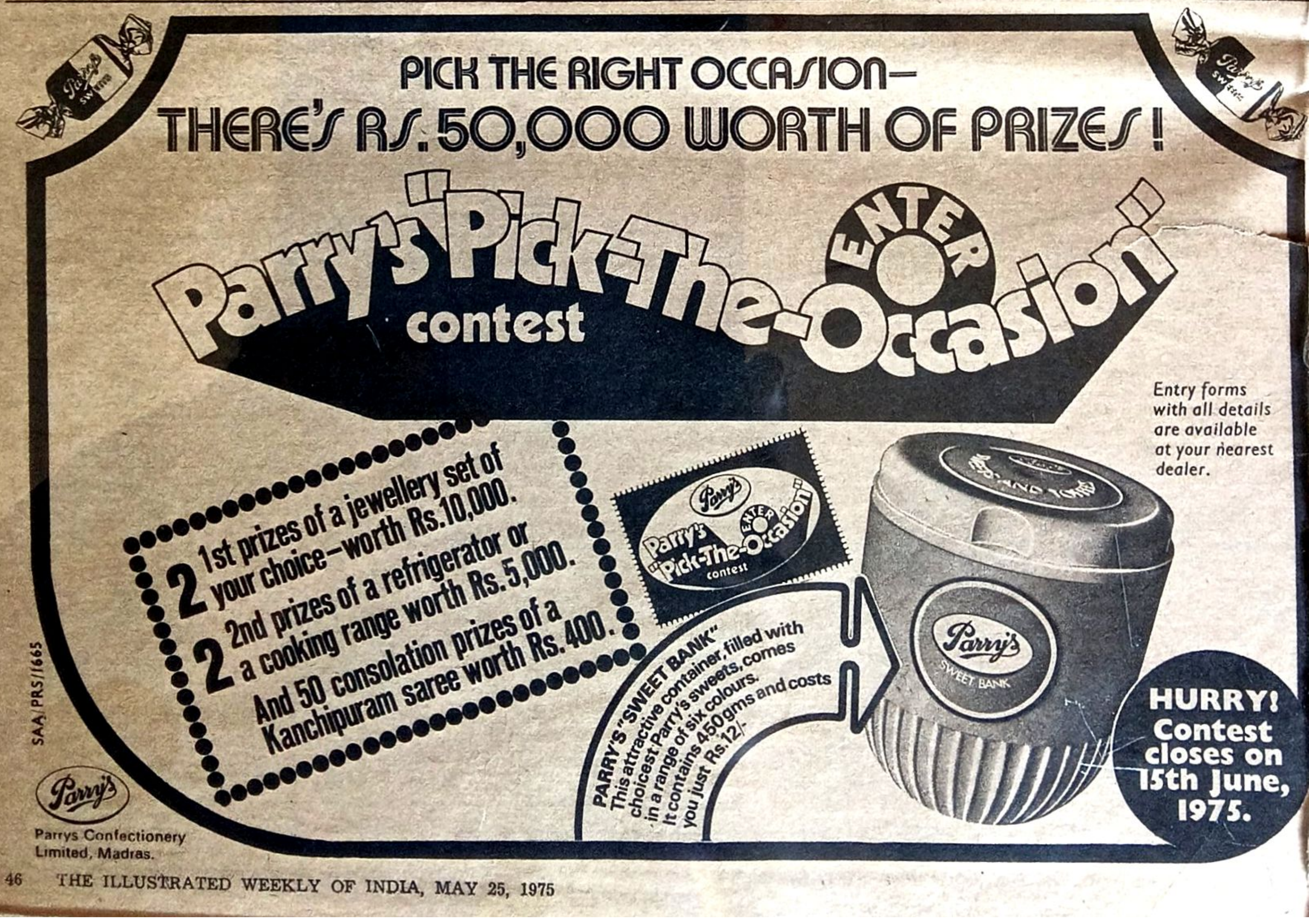
PICK THE RIGHT OCCASION—
THERE'S RS. 50,000 WORTH OF PRIZES!

Parry's "Pick-The-Occasion" contest
ENTER

Entry forms with all details are available at your nearest dealer.

2 1st prizes of a jewellery set of your choice—worth Rs.10,000.
2 2nd prizes of a refrigerator or a cooking range worth Rs. 5,000.
And 50 consolation prizes of a Kanchipuram saree worth Rs. 400.

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This attractive container, filled with choicest Parry's sweets, comes in a range of six colours. It contains 450gms and costs you just Rs.12/-

HURRY! Contest closes on 15th June, 1975.

SAA/PRS/1665

Parry's
Parrys Confectionery Limited, Madras.

"A smile is a most important thing..."

"I really enjoy talking with them. Even when you have finished your routine work, you still go to your passengers and have a little talk with them, and they will be very pleased."

"I am really proud of our own air hostesses, for they work so very hard. We always try our best."

Cathay Pacific Hostess Miss Ok Cha Soh from Korea, interviewed in Hong Kong Oct. 3, 1974

People. They make an airline.

Hong Kong's discovery airline
CATHAY PACIFIC
The Swire Group

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MADRAS: 13/15 North Beach Road. Phone: 29131/26492 • NEW DELHI: Hotel Janpath, Room No. 6. Phone: 383961 Extn. 6.

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